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THE POLITICAL POSITION.

THE tardiness with which the affairs of Italy arrange themselves and the uncertainty which that tardiness involves are very mischievous to Europe. Many interests suffer by it; and the Emperor, on whom, more than any one, the future depends, must be considerably embarrassed by some of the forms which the prevailing uncertainty takes.

Thus, in France the Church does not hesitate to raise its voice loudly against the movement of Central Italy, on the ground of its bad effects upon the Holy See. Here at once the whole question of the revolution is opened up, and the Emperor stands in need of both parties; so that the position is delicate. Bishop after Bishop has been thundering against the insulters of the Holy Pontiff. The Legitimists have seized the opportunity to point out that disturbance of the kind is inevitable the moment the doctrines of "liberty" are broached anywhere. This war between Church and Liberalism is the chief occupation of the French press just now, the rather that it affords a good field for that indirect assault on the present state of government in France which is the only thing open to the opposition. Such discussions, always keeping alive the old agitating spirit in that country, cannot but add to the Emperor's perplexities, though the immense good that he gained out of the campaign, by showing himself a soldier and flattering the military glory of the nation, perhaps outweighs the whole.

But the incessant perturbation, the alarm given to the Church, with its consequent provocations at the hands of the press, is not the only feature of the position. Trade is much injured by this ignorance of everybody as to what a week may produce. In France at present no more manufacturing or commercial industry goes on than is just needed for the demands of the day. The merchants of Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, &c., give no orders, and foreigners are equally shy of speculation. Thousands of workmen are working at short time, and the goodness of this year's vintage is not an adequate counterpoise to such evils. From every point of view, then, it is desirable that some distinct policy should be broached and adhered to. It is confidence, it is political quiet, that is wanted in Europe; and certainly the French Emperor has managed to make this depend more directly on his voice than that of any other Power. The eagerness with which some expression of intention was looked for from him at

Bordeaux is a sufficient sign of the anxiety prevailing, and of his consequence as an arbiter in Europe.

Meanwhile we ought not to pass over, though some little time has elapsed since the fact was "news," the lamentable event of Parma, the first stain on the Italian cause. The victim, except as a victim, deserved no sympathy. He was the harsh, tyrannical agent of a Government the memory of which was abhorred. His appearance when he was found could only excite the maddest wrath and terror; and we know too well in every country what risks must be run from the passion of the populace. But still the crime breaks the spell of the order and decency of the Italian movement. "Wrong never comes right," and this blood will in some way find its avenger. Napoleon made a prudent *coup* by instantly ordering the French Consul to withdraw should the affair pass unpunished. (He is always at hand to make himself the master of the situation.) The Italians have shown a right feeling on this subject. Politically, the massacre indicates a violence of sentiment which leaves no doubt that the freedom of the people will have to be recognised or to be put down by force. As Napoleon can hardly adopt the last course, we conclude that things are tending towards a central Italian kingdom, of which, however, the permanent tranquillity will not be easy to ensure. So many difficulties are in the way of its final success that we expect to see the "Italian question," as it is called, agitate Europe at intervals for years to come.

One of the great difficulties of the position is the Papal side of it, and we confess, as Protestants, that the damage done to that Power by the movement is one of its most agreeable features in our eyes. All life—political and social—is underlaid by the spiritual life, which forms its basis in each nation; and how can Italy be free in institutions if the groundwork be such a system as that of Popery? The French are nominally Papists in one sense, and unquestionably the Church has there much influence over the poorer mass. But the civil and intellectual life of France is quite free from theological influences, though these are left to do their work if they can. It is not so farther south; and in certain States, as everybody knows, the Church reigns not only spiritually but temporally. Of course the latter power was originally derived from the former—just as the power of a witch, socially, amongst our ancestors, was owing to their belief in her supernatural qualities. It is now attempted in

Italy, and the attempt ought to be successful to separate these powers—to leave the Pope his "spiritual" functions, and to turn him out of the civil department of life in his States altogether. Very well. But we anticipate with satisfaction that in proportion as his temporal power wanes, or that when it has waned, his higher pretensions (of which, in fact, it is a sign) will be weakened too. The Italians, indeed, are beginning at the wrong end; for, if they had gained a triumph in religious freedom long ago, civil freedom would have followed it. But still they must do what they can. Whoever weakens the Pope in any manner helps to overthrow his whole domination, and with it a vast amount of cumbrous stupidity which oppresses the human mind. The Pope is the ally of all absolutism, let it behave how it will; and England especially has no more ferocious enemies than his friends. After all that England has done for the French Legitimists, there is hardly an ignorant peasant in France who dislikes her half so much as the active and clever Legitimist of the Ultramontane party. We may be pardoned, then, for recognising as the most cheerful symptom of the Italian movement its tendency to overthrow a system of brutal superstition enthroned in the city which once boasted a Cicero and a Caesar.

We still wait the turn of events. The French Emperor cannot, as has been often said, interfere to destroy the liberty of a people which he freed—himself—the other day. Nor, though he saves the Pope from actual outrage at Rome, can he decently back him up in another Perugia. It is his true interest, we think, to accept the course of things. He set the ball rolling, and ought to stand or fall by the colour. Nobody can rob him of the military credit of his campaign. When there is a central Italian kingdom established under Victor Emmanuel, he will have more influence over it than any other Power. The French Bishops will not be satisfied; but if he has need of them they have also need of him. And while by this policy he at least achieves something which the Liberals, his enemies, cannot deny to be such as they have often recommended, he does not run the risk of any dispute with England. They enter the Congress, together, without difference of interest or object; and the future fate of Central Italy depends upon itself. It may, indeed, always remain a problem how much of what he will then have achieved was the result of a policy essentially egotistic.



LIEUTENANT HOBSON AND PARTY BREAKING OPEN THE CAIRN CONTAINING THE RECORD OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 233.

and ambitious in its origin. But, without reiterating our old suspicions on this point, we may admit that such a course will do much to wipe out the uglier appearances of the affair. And the alternative, we fear—that is, any resolution on his part to undo the result of his war or to encourage others to undo it—would lead to disturbances more injurious to the solid and peaceful interests of the world than even the prevailing uncertainty is.

When once a resolution has been arrived at in these matters, England and France should then proceed to adjust their old differences as to armaments. Napoleon still continues to strengthen his coast defences, and we have again to say that his intentions towards us are at least dubious. But he will think twice before taking that mighty risk which he would incur by attacking a nation convinced that it has been indifferent on these subjects too long.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor and Empress arrived at Bordeaux on Monday evening. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, thousands of people of the town and from the country flocked to see them, and were enthusiastic in their cheers. The whole city was en fête. Next day the Emperor received the authorities of the town. The Cardinal Archbishop addressed a speech to the Emperor, to which his Majesty read a reply: we print it elsewhere. On Wednesday the Emperor and Empress arrived at St. Cloud.

The Russian Ambassador is to leave Paris to-day (Saturday) for Warsaw, after having had an interview with the Emperor.

It is said that the Emperor has expressed his readiness to send to China a large army and a strong naval force, if England would but enter into Congress speedily and freely, unfettered by conditions of precedent.

ITALY.

Letters received from Rome state that the Pope is to have an interview at Castel Gondolfo with the King of Naples. It is asserted that his Holiness will prolong his stay at Castel Gondolfo "on account of the agitation reigning in Rome."

The Count de la Minerva, the Sardinian Minister, left Rome on the 9th. He has placed the subjects of Sardinia resident there under the protection of the French Embassy. On Sunday some friends of Piedmont gave a banquet to the Count, near Frascati, and intended to make a night demonstration in Rome. But this was prevented by General Goyon, in accordance with a previous order passed, forbidding any political manifestations in the streets. Thousands of people called at the Count's residence previous to his departure, and left their cards.

Fourteen distinguished persons recently arrested at Naples have been released without prosecution. The Prefect of the Police has been charged. General Filangieri will resume office.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor was to have met his Ambassadors at Paris, London, and Berlin, at Warsaw, this day, the 15th of October. This news has created some sensation and much conjecture.

The *Invalide Russe*, held to be next to official at St. Petersburg, prints an article against the Treaties of 1815 and the rights conferred by them on the Houses of Lorraine, Bourbon, and d'Este. "In 1815," says the *Invalide*, "Europe considered the existence of these dynasties indispensable to her tranquillity; at the present day not only are these dynasties repulsive to the Italian people, but their restoration would be the source of continual outbreaks and permanent war." It concludes from this that the restoration would be dangerous to the peace of Europe, and declares that in 1859 Europe has the same right to arrange such new combinations as may be necessary to its security as it had in 1815 to place Italy under the domination of Austria.

The *Indépendance Belge* says—"King Victor Emmanuel is to go to Genoa on the 11th to fetch the Empress Dowager of Russia. The Italian populations see in this continuance of friendly relations between the two reigning families a sign that the Russian Government is favourably disposed towards Sardinia, and sympathises with the policy of the Cabinet of Turin."

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

Additional discoveries have been made concerning the conspiracy, among others that incendiary machines were prepared to burn the European quarter of the town. The Ambassadors have held deliberations as to what measures should be recommended for public safety. Two of the conspirators brought before the Sultan proclaimed boldly the public wrongs they conspired to redress, and accused the Government of wasteful extravagance, of which the people and the army were the victims.

The Grand Vizier has offered his resignation, but it has been refused. Evident dissension reigns among the Ministry.

One year's pay is now due to the troops in Asia and Roumelia.

A new loan had been contracted for under very heavy conditions.

Edhem Pasha has been ordered to proceed to Odesa to express the friendly feelings of the Sultan towards the Emperor of Russia.

Prince Alfred has accepted an invitation from the Sultan to visit him at Constantinople.

An envoy of the Sultan lately arrived at Alexandria bearing an order to the Viceroy of Egypt to oppose the continuation of the works of the Suez Canal.

The recall of Omer Pasha from the governorship of Bagdad has been decided upon.

The Sultan has received a Moldo-Wallachian deputation, and we are told that everything passed off satisfactorily and cordially at this interview.

CHINA.

We have news from China to the 10th of August. The Peiho and the Grand Canal had been blockaded by the British and French ships of war. Admiral Hope was in a precarious state, and would certainly have to be invalided. The American Minister was still negotiating about proceeding to Peking. Chung-King-Kang, the leader of the rebels, had been killed by his own people.

INDIA.

The overland mail has arrived, with Calcutta advices to August 30, and Bombay to September 10.

Captain Richards had succeeded in expelling from the district north of Saugor some rebels who had been creating disturbances. The rebels on the Nepal frontier were still troublesome.

Some of the discharged Europeans had already sailed from Calcutta. The behaviour of all, except the 5th Regiment (still at Berhampore), has been good.

A report that Lord Canning had been relieved of his duties, and that Lord Clarendon was to take them up, is contradicted.

The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* says:—"Mr. George Campbell has just published a pamphlet, with his signature, on Indian finance. The result is briefly this:—The present deficit is a million and a quarter a month. After the war expenditure has ceased, and thirty thousand Europeans—the difference between the existing number and the committee's recommendation—have been sent home, and the native army has been reduced to the official level, there will remain a permanent deficit of £3,000,000 a year. This is at least £1,000,000 under the truth in India; and it omits an additional expenditure at home of at least £1,000,000 more for new transports, new reliefs, new artillery stores, and new payments for the reserve &c. &c. There is nothing to set against this sum of £10,000,000 sterling except the product of new taxes. The native army costs as much as ever it did, and the military police much more. The civil reductions are consumed by the increase of departments demanded by civilisation. The confiscated estates have been given away, and, indeed, will involve

a slight loss. A remarkable scene has occurred in the Legislative Council, proving that the best-informed officials are at last fairly frightened. Mr. Harrington, in moving the second reading of his Licensing Bill, quietly said he had altered the schedule. He had, it proved, increased the maximum tax from 500r. to 5000r. on all classes of traders, thus, in fact, multiplying the duty tenfold. Moreover, he explained that the schedules would be so worked as to be equivalent to an income tax of 7d. in the pound. He had gone too far, and the Council mutinied. Mr. Leonce, member for Bengal, declared that, though a Government servant, he must stand between Government and the people. He demanded some explanation of the reasons for this "tremendous bill." Sir Charles Jackson followed, and declared his determination to resist, unless a clear balance-sheet were laid on the table. The Vice-President, Sir Barnes Peacock, Chief Justice, and for eight years legal member of the Council, made a still stronger protest, refusing even to admit the bill. All, moreover, protested against the exemption of officials—an exemption which, Sir B. Peacock said, left the poor clerk on 100r. a month taxed 7d. on every pound, and exempted himself with £10,000 a year. Mr. Harrington replied that Government would reduce salaries in equal proportion, and was told the promise was not sufficient. The Europeans have generally expressed their willingness to pay even this tax, provided it is extended to all classes; otherwise, it will be vehemently resisted. I think the amount heavy, as the tax descends to incomes of £24 a year, but it certainly would alter our financial position if it could be levied.

Postscript.—August 31, five o'clock. The Income or License Tax Bill passed yesterday, in the midst of a most extraordinary scene. The Legislative Council was informed by Government that it had not and should not have the privileges of a House of Commons. It was, in fact, ordered to pass the bill. They yielded, and gave up the demand for a budget, but placed the tax on all officials, exempting them only from the visits of the taxgatherer. The tax is to reach down to all persons with seven pounds a year. You may think this incredible, but it is the fact. If the bill does not produce universal insurrection it will save the finances, producing at least four millions a year."

The Commander-in-Chief had decided on leaving Simla on the 20th of September, whence he would go to Lucknow, in order to meet the Governor-General, who was expected in the capital of Oude about the 15th or 20th of October. It is probable that Lord Clyde would then take leave of Lord Canning, as the latter is on his way to visit Agra, Delhi, Lahore—perhaps Peshawar—before he takes up his quarters at Simla, which will be the seat of Government next summer. Lord Clyde will leave India at the close of the year, or early in January next. Except in escaping the heat, he has not derived much benefit from his stay in Simla, and is said to have suffered during all the rains from a severe cold.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

NAPOLEON PRESENTS A BILL FOR WAR EXPENSES.

THE Conferences are at a standstill. Austria, we are told, still refuses to diminish the amount of the debt of Lombardy to be borne by Sardinia. The demands of Austria are not only resisted by Sardinia, but do not receive the support of France, who has proposed to Austria and Piedmont to submit the disputed point to the arbitration of another Power. Austria, it seems, demands from her late antagonist 400,000,000 francs; and, in addition, France claims a handsome sum as indemnity for the unpaid pensions charged on the Lombardo-Venetian Monte fund, for the benefit of certain dignitaries of the first Empire—pensions which have not been paid since 1815. A portion of this sum is claimed from Austria; the remaining and larger part is to fall on Piedmont, who seems expected to pay on all sides.

According to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, the French Government proposes to claim from Piedmont the expenses it incurred in the late war! This astonishing piece of news is confirmed by a telegram from Zurich, only here it is stated that the Emperor's expenses are to be paid by Austria and Piedmont jointly.

Sardinia has proposed to place Prince Carignan as Regent over the Central Italian States.

The Minister of Finance of Tuscany has issued an order to all the public offices of the State directing them to send all the old Tuscan money in their possession to the Mint at Florence to be recoined.

The municipal elections at Bologna have terminated in a triumphant success for the liberal candidates.

Mazzini is said to have addressed a letter to King Victor Emmanuel, which is represented as circulating in manuscript at Florence, and as yet nowhere printed. In this letter the Republican leader is said to have told the King that if he would but have the courage to strive for the whole of Italy, regardless of the European Powers, he would be supported by Mazzini's friends, though Mazzini himself had become too old in exile to live under his sceptre, and would modestly return to his place of refuge. Many years ago Mazzini had occasion to write a similar letter to King Charles Albert.

THE MURDER OF COUNT ANVITI.

THE people of Parma have disgraced themselves and stained the Italian cause by a most brutal murder. On the 5th inst. Count Anviti, a too zealous servant of the late Duke, was seized by the populace and stabbed to death; his head being then cut off, his body was dragged for hours through the streets amidst the shouts of the people.

Many accounts have been given of this melancholy affair, not altogether reconcilable. The special correspondent of the *Daily News* says:—

"Colonel Count Anviti was a man of forty-eight years of age, a native of Piacenza, and a member of an old family of that city. Early in life he entered into the army of Maria Louis, and soon became known to the people of Parma for his hatred to the Liberal party of the Duchy. At the accession of the late Duke of Lucca he was still a captain, but, having discharged with great eagerness all the missions which were entrusted to him when the Italian patriots were to be persecuted, he rapidly rose to the ranks of Colonel and Chamberlain, and was made a knight of three different orders. At the restoration of Charles III. Colonel Anviti became the intimate friend of the young Duke, and the agent of those deeds which brought the first-named Prince to his blood-stained grave. The cruelty of the Colonel was so great, the victims of his brutality so numerous, that at the death of the Duke he was already an object of universal execration. The bastinado was administered almost daily by his orders, old men were sent to the Ergastolo without trial, merely under the pretext that they were Liberals. On more than one occasion he has rushed out of the café, and forced one or another of the citizens into a barber's shop, where by his orders their beards were cut off—for large beards were, in his opinion, a revolutionary manifestation. These violence had multiplied themselves to such an extent that in 1855 a pistol was discharged against him whilst he was crossing the street of Santa Lucia. The supposed perpetrators of this attempt were condemned, and one of them, Andrea Carini, was shot, in spite of the recommendation to mercy which had been presented to the Duchess by the president of the military commission before which Carini had been tried. I had an opportunity of examining the evidence of that shameful trial, and I feel convinced that there is not a shadow of legal proof which could justify the execution of Carini. One of the supposed accomplices of this unfortunate man, Francesco Panizza, was sent to the Ergastolo for life; the other, Isola Giuseppe, was condemned to twenty years of the same punishment."

The attempt against Count Anviti had been perpetrated opposite to a barber's shop, kept by a man named Mauro Ferrari. In the early stage of the prosecution the evidence of the barber went so far as to prove the innocence of Carini and his companions. In consequence of this, the poor man was arrested; and two days after his imprisonment he was found hanging from the iron bars of the prison window. Public opinion charged Colonel Anviti with having secretly ordered the death of the barber, in order to get rid of the only evidence which would have saved the supposed author of the attempt. Carini was the father of a large family, and had two brothers, who are butchers by trade. It is

not without intention I am called to make this last remark, for there is a rumour prevalent here that Carini's family have played a prominent part in the bloody scene of last night. As was to be expected, the violent death of the barber and the execution of a man whom public opinion declared to be innocent had the result of rendering Colonel Anviti the object of universal hatred. I have been told that after the departure of the Duchess the Government of Parma has acquired the legal proof of Carini's innocence, for the real author of the attempt has since confessed his guilt.

"At the first outburst of the national movement Anviti sought refuge in the States of the Church. He was living, some say at Pesaro, some say at Perugia, when, it appears, he came to the decision of coming back to his native town with the object of conspiring against the new Government of the duchy. On the morning of the 5th he had left Bologna by the one o'clock train, in the dress of a farmer. Things went on smoothly enough till the train had reached the bridge which crosses the Enza torrent, where the train is now obliged to stop, as the bridge is broken; passengers are, therefore, taken in omnibuses to the other side of the torrent. Colonel Anviti had scarcely entered one of the omnibuses when, in spite of his disguise, he was recognised by the man to whom the bastinado had been administered by his order. The consequence was that, when the train had reached the Parma station, the unfortunate Colonel was not allowed to continue his journey to Piacenza. The man who had recognised him dragged him out of the carriage, and, amidst the imprecations of the crowd, took him into the town. The wrath of the people was so highly excited that the few men of the National Guard who happened to be at the station had the greatest difficulty in contending with them. It seemed, however, as if Providence had designed to protect the life of the Count, for when the crowd had reached the gate of the town it was met by Colonel Doda, who, having been informed of the occurrence, rode at the side of the prisoner, with the object of protecting him. A post of carabinieri was near at hand; Anviti was given into its custody, and the crowd dispersed. But the affair was not to end here. The news of Anviti's arrest was brought to a house where the wife, the brothers, and the children of Carini were still mourning the execution of a dear and innocent relative. The name of the Count soon roused a sentiment of revenge; a cry was given, and in a few minutes the mob of Parma hastened to the carabinieri' barracks, thirsting for blood. At the first roar of the popular wave the carabinieri, six in number, had shut the gate of their barracks; but it was not strong enough to resist the impetuosity of an infuriated mob. The gate was soon smashed to pieces, the barracks invaded, and the rooms searched. 'We will have him! we will have him!' was heard on every side. 'The Government shall not deceive the people by saving Anviti as it has done other villains.' It is true that last month two agents of the Ducal Government were happily saved from the people's wrath. The first, the second, the third floor of the barracks were searched, and likewise the roof, but Anviti was not there. The mob, mad and infuriated, was turning its wrath against the carabinieri, when a dreadful cry, like that of a hyena, was heard on the ground floor. A man had at last found the unhappy prisoner—Anviti was lost. The scene, an eyewitness tells me, was a disgusting one—the revenge was terrible, such as the pen refuses to relate. The dead body was dragged through the street of San Barnaba by the infuriated mob, and the Count's head was cut off, perhaps by the merciless cutlath of Carini's brother. Then began a tremendous blood orgy—one of those which we only read of in the annals of 'La Terreur.' It was six o'clock, and the fainting light of the day was spreading its last ray on the crowded piazza of the Town Council Palace. A marble monument stands there, erected by the Bourbons to honour the memory of Joseph I. The head of Count Anviti was placed at the top of it.

"The scene I have just related did not last more than a quarter of an hour, scarcely the time necessary to have the public force directed on the spot. The drums of the National Guard began to call the armed citizens out of doors, the troops of the line hastened to join them, and at half-past six the mob was dispersed, the severed head removed from the monument, and the body of the victim carried to the dead-house. The Government of Parma did what could be done by human foresight to prevent this great crime, but it was perpetrated so suddenly that it was impossible to avert it. A great many arrests have been made, but I have been told the real authors of the crime have already left the town. General Fanti arrived, but, as the tranquillity of the city has not been disturbed, he did not think it necessary to send here the troops he had already ordered from Modena. The Intendente of Parma, a Cavaliere Cavallieri, has published a proclamation, in which he tells the citizens of Parma that the crime of last night will have the consequence of making the enemies of Italian independence rejoice. The enlightened class of the citizens and the Government of this city already share to a man this sentiment, and regard the murder of the unhappy Colonel as a public calamity."

Another account says that Anviti's head was cut off in a coffee-house; and that he who had the head of Anviti did not give it up till he had received seven wounds.

Some of the Paris journals state that the French Consul at Parma has received orders to leave his post unless prompt justice be done for the murder of Count Anviti, and an exemplary punishment inflicted on the guilty parties.

The Dictator Farina has issued a proclamation in which he says:—"I am invested by the people with the mission to protect its rights, and, before all, that of justice. The guilty shall be punished, and the name of Italy shall not be dishonoured. Citizens and National Guards, gather yourselves around me under the standards of civilisation and of Italy. The flag of Italy is always placed on the spot where men make sacrifices of their life, not where their honour is tarnished. The heart of Victor Emmanuel has been afflicted by this dreadful event. He is used to a people which sheds the blood of the enemy only on the battlefield, which knows how to maintain liberty for itself, as well as procure it for others, because it knows how to obey the laws of the country."

NAPOLEON AND THE POPE.

At Bordeaux on Monday the Cardinal Archbishop delivered an address before the Emperor of the French, in which he said:—

"Sire,—The clergy of this diocese, through the organ of its Archbishop, is happy to renew to your Majesty the sincere homage of its respect and devotion. It is with a pride truly French that it contemplates the Monarch whose valiant sword has raised so high the glory of our country."

"Sire, when, eight years ago, the city of Bordeaux gave you an enthusiastic reception, the walls of our ancient cathedral re-echoed to the shouts of the multitude; we were there, my priests and myself, assisting joyfully at what we supposed to be the baptism of the new Empire. We then prayed for him who had stopped the ever-rising tide of revolution, who had restored to the Church and to the priesthood the crown of glory, to steal which from them had been attempted, and who inaugurated his great destinies by restoring to the Vicar of Jesus Christ his city, his people, and the integrity of his temporal power. We now, Sire, pray with more fervour, if possible, that God may give you the means, as he has given you the desire, to remain faithful to that Christian policy which has called down a blessing upon your name, and which is perhaps the secret of the prosperity and the source of the glories of your reign."

"We pray with unswerving confidence, with a hope which deplorable events and sacrilegious acts of violence have not been able to shake; and the motive of this hope, the realisation of which appears now so difficult, is, after God, you, Sire, who have been, and still wish to be, the eldest son of the Church; you, who spoke these memorable words: 'The temporal sovereignty of the venerable head of the Church is intimately connected with the fate of Catholicism and the liberty and independence of Italy,' a noble idea, conformable to the sentiments professed by the august head of your dynasty, when, speaking of the temporal power of the Popes, he said, 'Centuries have established this, and they have done well.'"

"Yesterday, when your Majesty for the first time entered the

elegant city which has arisen, as if by enchantment, on a once solitary strand; when you were seen kneeling in an unfinished sanctuary, a blessed asylum shut out from the noise of the world, and open heavenwards to receive the falling dews, it appeared to all that the immaculate patroness of the spot shielded you, your august wife, and your beloved son, under her maternal protection. You will acquit a debt of gratitude to her by preparing a triumph for her son in the person of her Viceroy. Such triumph is worthy of you, Sir: it will put an end to the anxieties of the Catholic world, who will hail it with transports."

The Emperor replied as follows:—

"I thank your Eminence for the sentiments you have just expressed. You render justice to my intentions, without, however, overlooking the difficulties which obstruct them, and I believe you understand your high mission in endeavouring to strengthen confidence rather than to spread useless alarm."

"I thank you for having recalled my words, for I entertain the firm hope that a new era of glory will arise for the Church on the day when the whole world will share my conviction that the temporal power of the Holy Father is not opposed to the liberty and independence of Italy."

"I cannot now enter into details which the grave question you have touched upon would give rise to, and I confine myself to reminding you that the Government which replaced the Holy Father on his throne can only give him counsel inspired by a respectful and sincere devotion to his interests. But he is anxious, and with good cause, as regards the day, which must soon come, when Rome will be evacuated by our troops; for Europe cannot allow that the occupation which has lasted for ten years shall be indefinitely prolonged; and, when our army withdraws, what will it leave behind it? Anarchy, terror, or peace? This is a question the importance of which no one can deny, but, believe me, in the times in which we live, to resolve it, we must, instead of appealing to ardent passions, endeavour calmly to fathom the truth and pray to Providence to enlighten peoples and kings on the wise exercise of their rights and extent of their duties."

"I do not doubt that the prayers of your Eminence and those of your clergy will continue to call down the blessings of Heaven upon the Empress, my son, and myself."

THE SAN JUAN DIFFICULTY.

THE publication of two letters which have passed between General Harney and Governor Douglas confirms our confidence in our representative. The American General, addressing the Governor Aug. 6, says:—

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you of the receipt of an official copy of a protest made by you to the occupation of San Juan Island, in Puget Sound, by a company of United States' troops under my command. The aforesaid copy was furnished by Captain Hornby, of her Majesty's ship *Tribune*, to the United States' officer in command at San Juan Island, Captain George Pickett, of the 9th Infantry of the American Army, together with a communication threatening a joint occupation of the San Juan Island by the forces of her Majesty's ships *Tribune*, *Plumper*, and *Satellite*, now in the harbour of that island by your orders. As the military commander of the department of Oregon, assigned to the command by the orders of the President of the United States, I have the honour to state for your information that, by such authority vested in me, I placed a military command upon the island of San Juan to protect the American citizens residing on that island from the insults and indignities which the British authorities of Vancouver Island and the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company have recently offered them by sending a British ship-of-war from Vancouver's Island to convey the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company to San Juan, for the purpose of seizing an American citizen, and forcibly transporting him to Vancouver Island, to be tried by British laws. I have reported this attempted outrage to my Government, and they will doubtless seek the proper redress from the British Government. In the meantime, I have the honour to inform your Excellency I shall not permit a repetition of that insult, and I shall retain a command at San Juan Island to protect its citizens in the name of the United States until I receive further orders from my Government. I have the honour to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. S. HARNEY,
Brigadier General U. S. Army, Commanding.

To this bluster Governor Douglas replies:—

I must thank you for the frank and straightforward manner in which you communicate to me your reasons for occupying the island of San Juan. I am glad to find that you have done so under your general instructions from the President of the United States as Military Commander of the Department of Oregon, and not by direct authority emanating from the Cabinet at Washington. You state that the reasons which induced you to take that course are the "insults and indignities which the British authorities of Vancouver's Island and the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company have recently offered to American citizens residing on the island of San Juan" by sending a British ship of war "from Vancouver's Island to convey the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company to San Juan for the purpose of seizing an American citizen and forcibly transporting him to Vancouver's Island to be tried by British laws." I will explain, for your information, that the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company hold no official position in Vancouver's Island, nor exercise any official power or authority, and are as entirely distinct from the officers of the Executive Government as any of the other inhabitants of Vancouver's Island. To the reported outrage on an American citizen I beg to give the most unhesitating and unqualified denial. None of her Majesty's ships have ever been sent to convey the chief factor or any officer of the Hudson's Bay Company to San Juan for the purpose of seizing an American citizen, nor has any attempt ever been made to seize any American citizen and to transport him forcibly to Vancouver's Island for trial, as represented by you.

I deeply regret that you did not communicate with me for information upon the subject of the alleged grievance. You would then have learned how unfounded was the complaint, and the grave action you have adopted might have been avoided. I also deeply regret that you did not mention the matter verbally to me when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Victoria last month; for a few words from me would, I am sure, have removed from your mind any erroneous impressions, and you would have ascertained personally from me how anxious I had ever been to co-operate to the utmost of my power with the officers of the United States' Government in any measure which might be mutually beneficial to the citizens of the two countries. Having given you a distinct and emphatic denial of the circumstances which you allege induced you to occupy the island of San Juan with United States troops; having shown you that the reasons you assign do not exist; and having endeavoured to assure you of my readiness on all occasions to act for the protection of American citizens and for the promotion of their welfare, I must call upon you, Sir, if not as a matter of right, at least as a matter of justice and humanity, to withdraw the troops now quartered upon the island of San Juan; for those troops are not required for the protection of American citizens against British authorities, and their continuance upon an island the sovereignty of which is in dispute not only is a marked dishonour to a friendly Government, but complicates to an undue degree the settlement in an amicable manner of the question of sovereignty, and is also calculated to provoke a collision between the military forces of two friendly nations in a distant part of the world. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JAMES DOUGLAS.

The Victoria House of Assembly viewed the Governor's moderation. It had adopted the following address to him:—

The House acknowledges the receipt of your Excellency's communication of the 3rd inst., relation to the clandestine invasion of San Juan Island by United States' troops, and the steps to be adopted in relation thereto. Since that communication it is well known that additional forces have been landed. The House would therefore respectfully inquire why the British forces were not landed, to assert our just right to the island in question, and to uphold the honour of our country and our Queen? The House would most urgently impress upon your Excellency to enforce upon her Majesty's Government the necessity of demanding from the Government of the United States not only the immediate withdrawal of those troops, but also strenuously, and at all risks, to maintain her right to the island in question, and also to all other islands in the same archipelago, now so clandestinely, dishonourably, and dishonourably invaded. It is not for our country to be wantonly and insolently insulted, but redress must be demanded. The weakness of the colony is its greatest danger, and, at the same time, an inducement for the repetition of similar offences by similar persons; let it, therefore, be urged upon her Majesty's Government that sending out colonists rapidly from Great Britain is the surest way of not only maintaining peace, but of preserving intact her Majesty's possessions; coupled with this, the House would propose that free and liberal grants of land be given to such emigrants after settling them on for a certain time.

A statement that the Washington Cabinet was dissatisfied with the present course of the British Government respecting Central American affairs is denied, and it is stated that the Department of State had good reason for thinking that the British Government was behaving in good faith in the matter, and was desirous of bringing the dispute to a satisfactory termination.

AMERICAN CLAIMS.

AN official pamphlet has lately been issued in the United States describing the claims laid before the Congress, of American citizens against foreign Governments. It comprises those that have been settled as well as those outstanding. Great Britain is first on the list, but the amounts open are neither numerous nor important. Next are the claims on France, which, with one singular exception, are also few and unimportant. The exception is a demand for £600,000 by a Mr. Robert A. Parish "in fulfilment of a verbal agreement entered into by M. Fould, Minister of Finance, and confirmed by the Emperor, to pay to the claimant \$500,000 on his demonstration of the existence of a goldfield similar to that of California, and accessible to the French arms, so soon as the French flag be raised in token of sovereignty in any part of the territory indicated." This, of course, has excited lively discussion in New York, and as there have long been reports of the existence of gold-fields in Nicaragua, some persons fancy that the locality indicated was within the limits of that Republic, and that the recent magnificent mission of M. Bely "to take possession" of the route of the proposed interoceanic canal, &c., and which so speedily collapsed, was connected with the glowing scheme. "When M. Bely's project was first broached," says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, "there were movements on the part of a portion of the French fleet, and other circumstances, which indicated a disposition in the mind of the Emperor to intervene in Central American affairs, and it was generally understood, and not denied till it was seen that such interference would not be permitted by the United States, that M. Bely was acting with the permission, if not approval, of his Imperial Majesty."

Next come the claims against Spain. Among these are nearly one hundred, varying from £20 to £900 each, and making a total of £255,000, "for loss and damage caused by the repeal of the Cuban ordinance of the 7th of October, 1841, admitting provisions and lumber free of duty from the United States." Most of the claims on Portugal are stated to have been disposed of. All those on Belgium have likewise been met. Half a dozen on Holland are still pending. There are several against Prussia for pressing naturalized American citizens into military service. Against China there is a list of claims amounting to £520,000, but the pamphlet gives no information as to their present condition. There are also several against the Fejee Islands. Damages have been awarded to be paid by the different tribes; but payment has not yet been made, "it being alleged that the missionaries have interposed obstacles, because they deem the amounts too large." Several claims on Hayti are likewise undisposed of. But it is against Mexico, of course, that the heaviest roll exists. They cover twelve pages, and the aggregate specified is about £3,000,000, in addition to which there are a great number with the sums not mentioned. Next to Mexico the little States of Central America figure for the most formidable sums. Finally, there are a few against Venezuela, Peru, and Chili. Brazil also appears; but it is stated that those against that country have generally been promptly and fairly met. It must be remarked that the various amounts simply represent the estimates which the complaining parties put upon their own dignities, losses, and griefs, and that on this head the *Commercial Advertiser* honestly observes:—"In many instances these are preposterously excessive, 10,000 dollars, 100,000 dollars, 600,000 dollars, and 2,000,000 dollars being put down in round numbers without any regard to the merits or justice of the claim. Indeed, we are constrained to say that the pamphlet creates the impression that the proverbial eagerness after the 'almighty dollar' has led our citizens to exaggerate their claims, and that there is some danger of our acquiring the reputation of a nation of claim-makers, if, indeed, we have not already acquired it."

A PIRATE STORY.

In the chronicles of the pirates and buccaners of former days we could scarcely find a parallel for the story which has just reached us of the *Ararat's* late voyage from Penang to Bombay, and of what befell her captain and company during their run.

The *Ararat* is a Bombay barque of 200 tons, which seems to have been habitually employed for the transport of convicts. Captain Correya had just landed a batch of Bombay convicts at Singapore, and he was to take back a return freight of Singapore and Penang convicts to Bombay twelve men from each place. The *Ararat* was just about to set sail upon her homeward expedition when the Queen's steamer *Esk*, Captain Sir R. Maclure, steamed into Singapore with two piratical junks in tow, which had been caught prowling about the China Sea. There were fifty-two prisoners on board, and Captain Correya was informed that he might have the conveyance of them to Bombay as soon as the formalities of trial had been gone through, for of their guilt there was no doubt. Fifty were condemned to transportation, and handed over to the *Ararat*. These ruffians informed the Judge that they much preferred the punishment of death to that of transportation; and, if they had an opportunity on the voyage, they would not fail to murder everybody in the ship. This threat was treated as rhodomontade.

Captain Correya, on the 19th of June, left Singapore with his fifty pirates and his twelve convicts. At Penang he took in twelve other convicts; so that his criminal freight consisted of seventy-four desperate men. To control these he had a guard of fifteen European Madras Artillerymen and eight sepoy of the Marine Battalion—twenty-three in all, besides an unarmed company, just sufficient for the working of the ship. The *Ararat* left Penang on the evening of the 25th of June, but the captain's suspicions were at once aroused by the movements of a junk which left Penang at the same time and regulated its movements by those of the convict-ship. Captain Correya, not without trouble, managed to shake off such unwelcome society by the evening of the 27th. Most fortunately the 28th broke gloomily enough, and with sharp gusts of wind, so that the captain remained on deck as well as the mate. He had just lain down on the poop for a few minutes of rest when a crash was heard forward—a noise as of something giving way, and a shout. There could be no doubt that the pirates and convicts were loose. But why was no warning given by the sentry forward? It was not known till afterwards that the man had quitted his appointed post and had come on deck, where he had fallen asleep. The first act of the mutineers was to stab him to the heart; and so it happened that he made no reply to the challenge of the mate. The captain rushed to his cabin for his revolver and pistols, and quick as thought was upon deck again. The mate roused the guard, and stood with grim desperation as guardian of the night-guard muskets till they should fall into proper hands. But a few seconds had elapsed from the moment of the first crash when the captain, now armed, could make out the dim figures of the pirates making their way aft. They had reached the stern of the long-boat when Captain Correya delivered his first shot. With a yell, seeing that the light was engaged, they now endeavoured to make their way to the poop, hurling as they came on blocks, handspikes, holystones—anything, in fact, upon which they could lay their hands. By this time the guard had got possession of their weapons, and were using them with good effect.

Captain Correya and his few supporters could not, however, hope for an easy victory, for their assailants were so desperate that as soon as a musket was discharged several of them threw themselves upon it, and endeavoured to wrench it from the grip of its possessor. The fighting continued; it was pitch dark; the flashing of the muskets afforded the only light which enabled the combatants for the moment to discern how the struggle was proceeding. More than once the *Ararat's* people had procured a light, but it was speedily extinguished by the pirates, who knew well that their best chance of safety consisted in not presenting themselves as marks to the fire of their opponents. It is not the least remarkable feature in this desperate scene that the captain's wife, who was on board, quietly loaded and reloaded her husband's pistols, and handed them up to him through the cuddy-light.

All this time it was blowing hard, and the crew—Lascars and Spaniards—without arms, had taken refuge in the rigging, and the ship was left to the mercy of wind and wave. At length the captain determined to advance; but this was to be done with the greatest caution, for, if any of the pirates could have succeeded in concealing themselves

so as to get behind the guard as they advanced, and obtain possession of arms, the case might have become desperate indeed. After an hour's hard fighting the pirates were at length driven to the topgallant-fore-castle, and there charged with the bayonet, and killed, or driven over the bows. When lights were procured, and the loss on the side of the pirates was ascertained, out of sixty who had come on deck twenty-eight were dead or missing. Others were wounded.

A more desperate struggle for life has seldom taken place, and Captain Correya may well be proud of a victory to which his own bravery so largely contributed. Still, we cannot help remarking that, with such ferocious ruffians on board, and in such numbers, the precaution of doubling the sentries immediately in charge at night would have prevented all the mischief, and would scarcely have pressed with undue weight upon a guard of upwards of twenty men.

IRELAND.

THE DOON MURDER.—The *Limerick Reporter* states that the O'Briens, charged with the murder of Crowe, were again taken from the county goal on Monday, and brought under a strong escort of police to Doon. On Tuesday they were recommitted for eight days more. This is the third committal and recommitment of these men.

LORD DERRY WARNED.—Mr. Smyth, proprietor of the *Waterford Citizen*, has addressed an amusingly angry letter to the Earl of Derby in reference to his Lordship's intention to evict the tenants on his Doon estates. Mr. Smyth says, among other terrible things:—"I feel it to be my duty, my Lord, to raise a warning voice. Weak though it be, it will yet reach the ear of M'Mahon of France, at the head of his fiery legions; O'Donnell of Spain shall hear it; and so, too, shall the American General Harney, who, with a handful of men, holds San Juan in the teeth of your boasted Pacific squadron. Be wise, and hearken to this humble voice of mine, and desist from your rash and unholy enterprise. If, however, you are resolved upon proceeding to extremities, then—for you are a man of undoubted personal courage—do full justice to your character, and commit not to any poor devil of a subordinate the execution of your decree. With the jewelled coronet of the Stanleys glittering upon your haughty brow, and the ribbon of the Garter decorating your manly person, head yourself the *posse comitatus*. In that event, I promise myself the gratification of making your personal acquaintance. We'll meet at Philippi."

SCOTLAND.

THE EDINBURGH ANNUITY TAX.—Orders have been issued by the Crown Office for the apprehension of several persons who "assaulted and deforced" the sheriff's officers in the collection of the annuity tax on the 17th ult. On Saturday the city officers, aided by the police, proceeded to the premises of Mr. Hunter, a confectioner, where the "deforcement" took place, having warrants for the apprehension of Mr. Hunter and Thomas Peacock, his foreman. Hunter was absent at the time, but Peacock was taken into custody. He was afterwards liberated on finding bail for £30. On the first occasion Mr. Hunter made the utmost resistance to arrest, in which resistance he was aided by several other persons, the result being that he escaped. There has been no attempt since to enforce payment of the tax against him.

MURDERS IN SCOTLAND.—A young man named Wylie was beaten to death on the road near Hamilton on Wednesday week by four miners, James Anderson, Joseph Anderson, John M'Phee, and James M'Phee. The parties had been entertaining themselves at a public-house, and on the road home a quarrel arose.—John O'Neill, an old farm labourer of seventy-two, living at East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, is in custody on a charge of beating his wife to death.

THE PROVINCES.

DREADFUL ATTEMPT AT MURDER.—A man, named John Lamb, is in custody at Nottingham for attempting to murder his wife, from whom he had been lately separated. He went to his wife's residence, armed with a brace of pistols, and threatened to shoot her. She rushed out of the house, and returned with four policemen. The door being opened, Lamb fired at one of the officers, who had a narrow escape. The prisoner then ran up stairs, and fired another pistol, the contents of which passed through his wife's cloak. He was secured after a scuffle, and taken before the magistrates, when he said, in answer to the charge, that it was his wife's fault. He has been committed for trial.

DOUBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE.—Mrs. Harris, wife of an artist engaged at the Royal Porcelain Works, Worcester, quarrelled with her husband at dinner time, when, being much excited, she took her two young children, a boy and a girl, and ran out of the house, declaring she would never return again. Next day a policeman picked up the dead body of the boy in the Severn. It is thought that the woman jumped into the river with both children. The husband is in custody on a charge of attempting to strangle his wife.

A LIFE FOR SIXPENCE.—John Reynolds and six companions were drinking together in an alshouse near Wolverhampton, when they were joined by a youth, named Wilkes. Not having had, as they deemed, sufficient ale, they arranged that each should contribute 61., that they might have a "regular fudding" in a field close by. The ale could not be got, as it was too late, and Wilkes then asked for a return of his 61. which Reynolds positively refused, saying it should all be spent on the Sunday afternoon. Thereupon Wilkes rushed at Reynolds, and stabbed him in the heart. Wilkes has been committed for trial.

BREAKS OF AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.—A lunatic, named Blake, a powerful fellow, succeeded in making his escape from the County Lunatic Asylum at Knowle (Hampshire) last week; but the next day he was captured at an inn and conveyed to the station-house. In the evening smoke was seen issuing from the cell in which Blake was confined, while he was holding his head as far out of the aperture in the door as possible. It was presently found that he had stripped himself of all his clothes, which he had torn to strips, piled in a heap on the floor of his cell, and then set fire to them. The heat in the cell was excessive, and the smoke dense to suffocation. Blake told the constable who made this discovery that the devil had just come down the chimney (there are no chimneys in the cells) and set fire to it, and if they were quick they would catch him. The flames were extinguished, but not before a hole had been burnt in the floor of the cell. After Blake was placed in another cell he announced that he was Sir Robert Peel, and was going to London to open the House and settle the Indian question, and under the pretext of going to London he was taken back to Knowle in the morning.

INCENDIARY FIRES.—On Monday night a fire was discovered on the farm premises of Miss Mary Cartledge, at Shatholme, near Doncaster. The conflagration spread with such rapidity that in less than an hour there appeared no chance of saving any of the property save the dwelling-house. Eighty loads of wheat were destroyed. A barn and a cowhouse were burnt down, and thence the flames spread to the homestead, where five wheat and two oat stacks were destroyed. A bean-stack was with difficulty saved; and, had the wind been slightly in another direction, the house itself, which is close to the yard, would have been also destroyed. The country was lighted up for twenty miles round. There is every reason to believe that this destruction was the work of an incendiary.—On Sunday morning, about one o'clock, a fire broke out at Broom, a village near Biggleswade, upon a farm in the occupation of a Mr. Taylor. The flames were got under, but not until a great quantity of corn was consumed.—At eight o'clock the same morning another fire broke out at Stanford, a mile from Broom, at a farm in the occupation of Mr. Peacock. The whole of the farm buildings, with several hundred quarters of barley, were consumed; and some machinery which Mr. Peacock had lately erected at a cost of nearly £1000 was entirely destroyed. In both these cases, also, there is little doubt that the damage was wilfully occasioned.

A DIFFICULTY WITH PARAGUAY.—The *Liverpool Albion* says that a grave misunderstanding exists between England and Paraguay. It appears that Senor Lopez has found it necessary to imprison one Santiago Canstatt, claiming to be a British subject; and that Mr. Henderson, our Consul at Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, having unavailingly demanded his release and compensation for his incarceration and the losses sustained thereby, has applied for and received his passports and retired to Buenos Ayres, throwing upon the Paraguayan Government the responsibility of the consequences that may follow. These, he implies, in a despatch to Senor Vasquez, the Foreign Minister, will be very serious. The latter official repudiates this responsibility; says he has done nothing to entail it; and that for whatever unpleasantness may arise the hastiness and mismanagement of Mr. Henderson will be to blame in departing from all the usages of international law, and in seeking to control the internal relations of an independent State in a manner alike unwarrantable and intolerable. He goes on to declare that the accused is not a British subject at all.

CHANGARNIER'S RETURN.—General Changarnier remained only two days in Paris, and then left for his property of Chagny, in Burgundy. A Paris correspondent says—"General Changarnier was unwilling to enter Paris, seeing that the Emperor occupies the position he might himself be filling if he had had fewer scruples, and that his African campaigns are thrown into the shade by the late doings in Italy, but he was afraid of being ranked in the same category as M. Felix Fyaz, Louis Blanc, &c., and has swallowed the bitter pill."

A STALL AT THE FAIR, ALGIERS.

At the latter end of September a fair takes place in Algiers, instituted by the French authorities. The splendour of the goods displayed in the stalls of the Moorish merchants is something undreamt of by our vendors of children's toys and gingerbread nuts, who appeal to the pockets of the rustic population at our own country fairs. In these brilliant stalls the perfumes of Arabia and the sumptuous merchandise of the East are exhibited in rivalry with the manufactures of the West. Altogether the Algerian fair is a very different sort of affair (no joke intended) to the bi-annual meetings that fill within the last year or so took place at Greenwich.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

THE misunderstanding between Spain and Morocco is at present absorbing much of the public attention. An expedition, under the command of General Echague, is on the point of leaving, or has already left, the shores of the first-named country, to exact satisfaction from the son of Ab-Deh-Rhman for wrongs done to Spanish subjects. The pirates of Rif have been notably concerned in the evils now to be atoned for, and Spain has expressed her intention to the European Courts to have ample satisfaction for a long series of insults to her flag. In connection with these events we have thought that the following particulars may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The empire of Morocco comprehends the largest portion of the country of the Berbers, and is composed of the kingdoms of Fez, of Morocco proper, of Soud, and of Tabele. This area is subdivided into thirty provinces, and extends over three hundred leagues from east to west, and four hundred leagues from north to south.

Its Sovereign, who is styled Emperor of Africa, governs despotically his states, having no court, and ignoring councils and ministers. He places over his provinces those of his subjects most suitable to his views; and, as he is the heir-at-law of his viceroys, he is careful to let his choice fall upon the richest. To indemnify their families he undertakes the charge of their children and sees to their future welfare.

The sons of the Emperor have, all of them, an equal right to the throne, whether born of the legitimate wives or the numerous concubines of their father. It is the army which gives the casting vote. Bribery, of course, is all-powerful under these conditions, and the most well-to-do of the heirs apparent ensures his succession by purchasing the suffrages of the troops. The crown holds no private domains. The whole empire is its property; besides which, the Emperor, who is absolute master of the lives and goods of his subjects, exacts, firstly, an annual tax on each person of both sexes above the age of twelve years; secondly, another on every house; thirdly, a contribution on all articles of food and commerce; and, finally, a considerable percentage on import and export produce. He is at no expense for the levying of these requisitions, the alcaides being charged with the collecting of the revenue; and, should there be discovered any deficiency the defaulters pay with their heads, for the peculations they have been guilty of.

This system of government, the presents often made to the Emperor by various Powers, the permissions given (for a pecuniary consideration) to trade with foreigners, and the small expenditure of the Court, have led to the presumption that the Sovereign of Morocco is one of the richest in the world.

Fez, the most thickly-peopled city in the empire, has a population of two hundred and fifty thousand souls. Here reside the most wealthy merchants of the country; and so jealous are they of their privileges, and in such

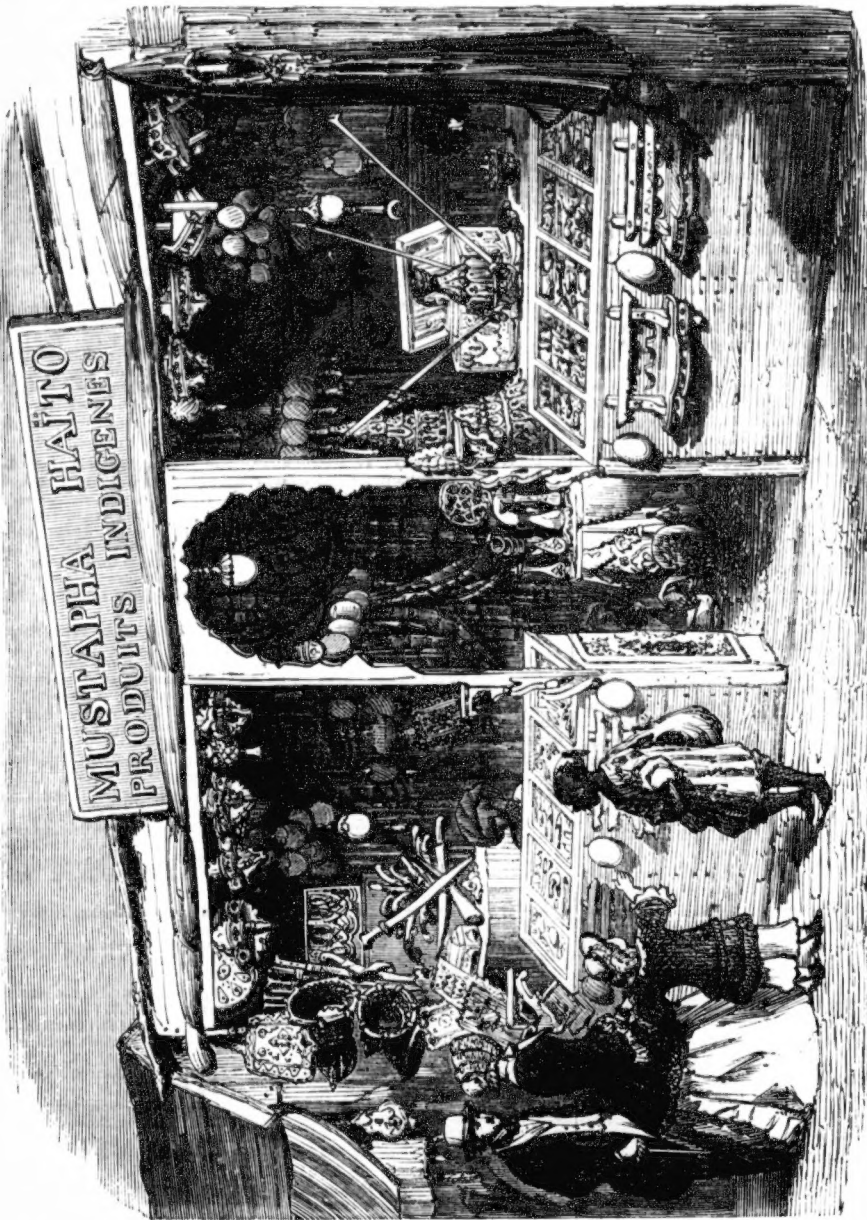
reduced, and in such badly-equipped condition, that the frigates and few small vessels by which it is represented can hardly be termed a marine.

A special body of two thousand blacks is charged with the duty of guarding the Sultan's treasure, which, as we have already said, is immense. Each year it increases at the rate of about £400,000 per annum. This sum represents the surplus over the yearly expenditure of the State, which never exceeds £280,000. The Emperor has also in his service a body-guard of ten thousand negro horsemen, well armed and disciplined, commanded by his sons. They are somewhat analogous to the old Turkish janissaries.

There are twenty-five fortresses in Morocco having permanent garrisons. Between these strongholds there generally lies a waste country, with roads so difficult and bad that in many instances they are impassable; at any rate, they would present serious obstacles to the march of a hostile army.

The two principal ports of Morocco are Tangiers and Tetuan. Tangiers, the ancient Tanguia (of which we give an illustration), is at the western extremity of the Straits of Gibraltar, and opposite to Tarifa. It was abandoned to the Mohammedans by Count Julian in 718; the Portuguese gained possession of it in 1497; it was lost by them in 1471, and recovered again in the same year. In 1662 the English became masters of the town, which, after holding twenty-two years, they abandoned, blowing up the fortifications; a portion of the bay is still obstructed by their ruins. Since then the city has remained in the power of the Moors, and has become the residence of numerous European Consuls. Prince de Joinville bombarded it in 1844, an insult having been offered to the French flag. Ample satisfaction was obtained before the Prince drew off his ships.

Tangiers is surrounded by a ruined wall, flanked at intervals by round or square towers. It is defended on the land side by a moat, which is almost entirely filled up and planted over. To the right of the sea-gate are two batteries, named respectively the Tophana and the Marine. These works are manned by forty guns. Beyond these there are four other batteries, placed on the sands, at different points, and commanding the entrance to the bay. The old castle, situated on an eminence, is the residence of the Governor; it is called the Casabah. The garrison, in time of peace, is limited to a comparatively small number, but these can easily be augmented. The passage across from Tarifa to Tangiers takes but one hour and a half, a fact that would seem greatly in favour of a *coup de main* on the place. But the Spaniards, to succeed in an attack, must make the attempt with a large force. Since 1814, when the town was bombarded by Prince de Joinville, great improvements have been made in the fortifications, and, in the event of an assault, the place has all the appliances for offering an obstinate resistance. Recently arrived the news that the Spanish Consul at Tangiers had been ordered to quit his post on the 15th, in order that hostilities might begin. On the 18th the Spanish troops were to enter the Moorish territory, unless the pending dispute were previously arranged. But the 18th of the month may, after all, pass over without witnessing hostilities. A Madrid telegram states that the Emperor of Morocco is willing to yield what Spain demands; which Spain will not be a little vexed to know, perhaps, for conquest, and not restitution, was evidently her aim. France may also be disappointed, having made so many arrangements for doing something extensive in the same direction. It is believed that the solution of the question is due to Lord John Russell. France has already sent a squadron to the coast of Morocco; England has a squadron at Gibraltar, and cruises on the coast; Portugal has two steam-corvettes; Austria, the *Elisabetha* corvette; Naples, the *Fulminante* steam-frigate; Prussia, the *Danzig* steam advice-boat; and Denmark, the *Fenne brig*. Thus a very pretty dust had been raised; let us hope that it has been settled.

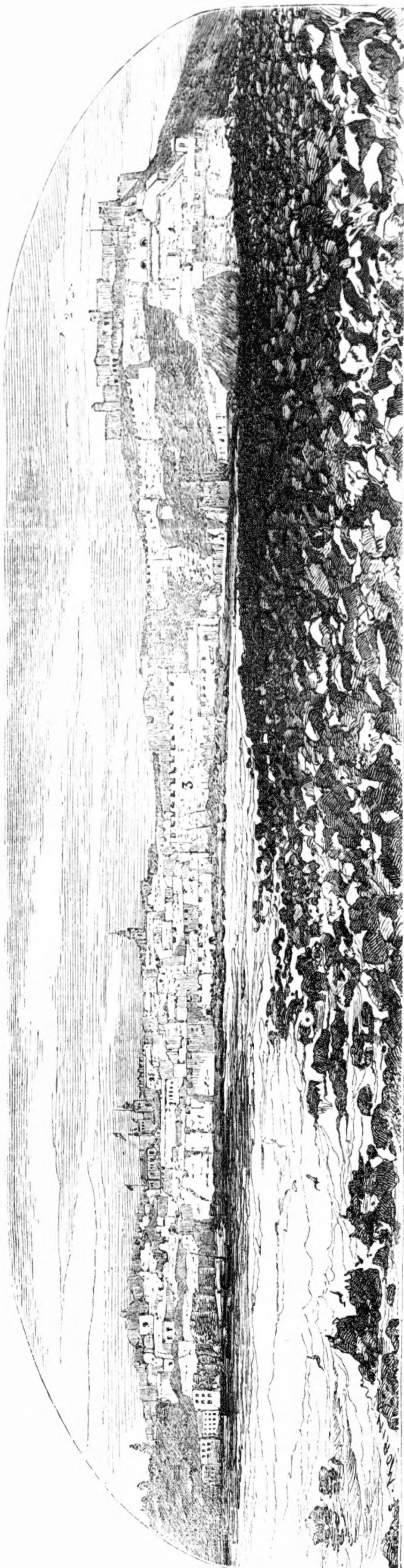


STALL AT THE FAIR, ALGIERS.

terror of the Sultan's despotism, that they will not allow the latter to reside in the town.

The Moors are a sober race, much given to warlike pursuits, for which they are well adapted, possessing, as they do, powers of endurance not common in other people. Their religious fanaticism causes them to hold in great contempt all other nations.

The permanent army of the Sultan of Barbary consists of ten thousand infantry, thirty-two thousand cavalry, and fifteen hundred artillerymen, half of whom are composed of irregular troops, and the rest are so badly organised that they are scarcely deserving the name of regulars. In case of war every one capable of carrying arms becomes a soldier, and their numbers may be calculated at two hundred thousand. The navy is so



VIEW OF TANGIERS.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. ALARY.)

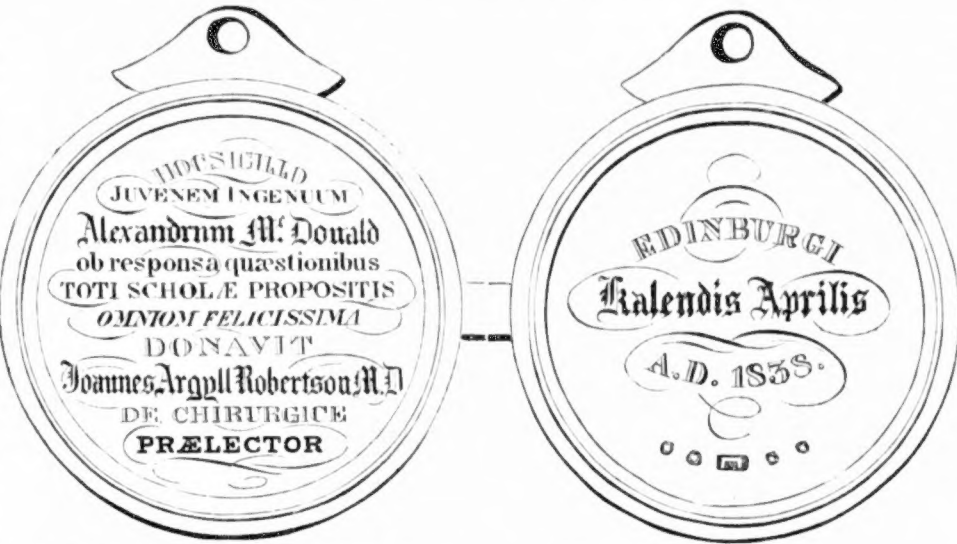
DISCOVERY OF A SKELETON BY CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK.

AMONGST other touching incidents of Captain M'Clintock's search of that portion of the coast of King William's Island along which our starving countrymen retreated, he came, on May 24, 1859, across the skeleton of one poor fellow who appeared to have fallen upon the march. The skeleton was almost perfect, the clothes lay strewed about in tatters, and appeared to be that of a steward or officer's servant. Searching amongst the snow, a small pocket-book was found, and in it a few letters and papers. The letters cannot be deciphered; but on one piece of paper the poor fellow had, in some happier hour, copied the song of "The Sea." A melancholy song amidst relics so sad. This bleaching skeleton lies ten miles beyond the point at which Captains Fitzjames and Crozier must have assured themselves of the existence of a north-west passage. It is one of the most touching proofs ever left by man of his devotion to duty and science; and those who accused those gallant men of retreating home from Beechey Island in 1846, and abandoning their enterprise—those who, to get rid of them, and of the anxiety of further search for them, hoisted the *Erebus* and *Terror* on the top of icebergs, and sent them drifting on the track of outward-bound Quebec traders—will, we are assured, feel their consciences smite them not a little by recollecting that the bones of those whom they sought to rob of their guerdon now form, on the beach of King William's Island, the best monument of their glorious success.

BREAKING OPEN THE CAIRN FOUND AT POINT VICTORY.

AFTER the death of the gallant Franklin, on board his ship, in June, 1847, the command of the expedition devolved upon Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. The following winter surprised the *Erebus* and *Terror*, still beset by the ice, at a distance of about sixty miles from Cape Herschel, and close to Point Victory. With the terrible record of Back's and Franklin's former sufferings in this desolate region, where all was barren, and which extended from the Great Fish River to that of Mackenzie, Captains Crozier and Fitzjames determined to abandon the vessels. This appeared to them the only chance of saving the crews, numbering one hundred and five souls; and indeed this chance was slight, considering the famine-stricken waste they had to pass through. Nine officers and twelve men had been carried off by disease subsequently to their leaving Beechey Island, and we are led to infer that scurvy was making great ravages amongst them when they finally quitted their ships on the 22nd of April, 1848.

Lieutenant Hobson, of the Royal Navy, was the first to discover the cairn on Point Victory, the contents of which have given us a clue to the fate of our gallant countrymen who perished in the glorious though peaceful service of their country. A facsimile of the record found in the cairn was lately engraved in the *Illustrated Times*. "About the cairn" Captain M'Clintock tells us that "a vast quantity of clothing and stores of all sorts lay strewed about, as if at this spot every article



MEDAL BELONGING TO ALEXANDER MACDONALD, SURGEON OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

was thrown away which could possibly be dispensed with—such as pickaxes, shovels, boats, cooking-stoves, ironwork, ropes, blocks, canvas, instruments, oars, and medicine-chest." What must have been the feelings of Lieut. Hobson and his party when the stones rolling away beneath their blows discovered to them the record of those who eleven years before had stood on the same spot, preparing to make a last effort at escape!

The Illustrations we have published of "Breaking Open the Cairn," and "Finding the Skeleton," are from materials kindly placed at our disposition by Captain M'Clintock, the noble and disinterested commander of the expedition that has solved the mystery which for fourteen years had spread a veil over the fate of Franklin and his companions.

SUFFERING AT SEA.

SIXTEEN miles to the westward of Cape Northumberland, near the division-line between the colonies of Victoria and South Australia, but within the latter, there is a reef of rocks, upon which several ships have been wrecked; most notably the *Nene Valley*, which in the winter of 1854 went to pieces on this reef with 600 emigrants, all of whom perished. On Saturday, the 6th of August, the *Admetta*, a Clyde-built steamer plying between Adelaide and Melbourne, got on the reef and became a total wreck. Having been built in compartments, the moment she struck she broke into four pieces. She had forged partly over the reef, and the poop remained higher above the water than the bows. Nearly one-half of the people on board, about seventy in number, were clinging to the bows for the whole of Saturday and Sunday. Many of these were dragged to the stern of the vessel by means of a rope, but, after forty-eight hours' exposure, the remainder were washed off. The

number on the poop must have been at this time about fifty. The only water they had was contained in a filter, and their only food a small bag of almonds, about 20lb. of cheese, half a ham, 10lb. of beef, eight bottles of porter, and one of whisky. What remained of this small store was washed away on the Sunday night, and from that time until the following Friday the poor sufferers were exposed to the pangs of hunger and thirst and the inclemency of the weather, the sun beating fiercely upon them by day, and the piercing wind benumbing them by night. On Tuesday night, according to the statement of a survivor, about twenty perished by cold, and every day thinned the ranks of the sufferers. On Monday two men, who had constructed a raft out of the lower boom, succeeded in reaching the shore, and, making for the Telegraph Station at Mount Gambier, many miles from the coast, sent intelligence of the disaster to all parts of South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales. At Adelaide the sittings of the Legislature were forthwith adjourned, and a general suspension of business took place. The Victorian Government, we are told, did nothing; and, although Hobson's Bay was teeming with available steamers, it was not until Wednesday forenoon that one of them—the *Ladybird*, which had started on her regular voyage to Portland—was ordered by her owners to proceed direct to the locality of the wreck at their own risk, the Government even declining to guarantee the additional insurance. The Government of South Australia promptly dispatched the steamer *Corio* to Cape Northumberland, but the sea was too heavy to allow her to approach the wreck. Several attempts to reach her by means of life and whale-boats were also baffled; meanwhile the unhappy people could be discerned through a telescope huddling on the stranded fragment of the wreck, and undergoing the most exquisite anguish both of mind and body. It was not until Saturday, the 13th, that the *Ladybird* rescued upwards of twenty of the sufferers. Leaving Portland, with twenty extra men as volunteers, she reached the wreck on Friday morning, standing off about a mile and a half. The life-boat was manned and the whale-boat launched. A terrific sea was running, and breaking about three miles in shore. The life-boat got close to the wreck and fired two rockets with lines attached, but they got foul and were broken. Immediately after four heavy seas struck her, smashed eight oars, tiller, &c., filled her each time, and washed one man overboard, who was recovered, however. All they had now to depend upon for their own lives was the line attached to the anchor, which had been dropped outside the surf. They returned to the steamer quite worn out. About 5 p.m., the sea moderating, Captain Greig manned the whale-boat to reconnoitre and see if another attempt could be made that night. He got within hail of the wretched survivors, whom he could hear uttering most piercing cries for water, and found it hopeless to make any further attempt that night. He shouted to the poor wretches to cheer up, telling them he would be back in the morning. All he could do that night was to fire rockets and burn blue lights at intervals, to cheer them amid the exposure of another night, benumbed, starved, and parched with thirst. Saturday morning came,



1. Knife found in Boat. 2. One of two Stanchions. 3 and 4. Goggles. 5. Tea-canister, found in Cairn. 6. Ship's Block, found in Boat. 7 and 8. Spoon and Fork, taken from the Esquimaux. 9. Linen Bag, containing Percussion-caps and Shot, found in Boat. 10. Seaman's blue serge Frock, containing Bullets, found in Boat, and marked "E" (*Erebus*). 11. Pemmican Tin, found in Boat, and marked "E" (*Erebus*). 12. Top of Gun-case, name of "Crozier" on it. 13, 14, and 15. Bows made out of Ships' timber by the Esquimaux. 16 and 17. Portions of Boarding-pikes. 18. Pair of Scissors, wrapped in paper, having on them a printed Government form. 19. Ball of Twine. 20. Claspknife.

RELICS OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

and at dawn of day the crew of the *Ladybird* prepared for another attempt. At 8.30 the life-boat left the ship and let go her anchor near the wreck. They threw a line to the survivors, who made it fast, and by that means drew the life-boat alongside. Time was precious; the survivors threw themselves into the boat, and all arrived in safety alongside the steamer. By this time three or four of them were in the last stage of existence. Of forty-two passengers only eleven survived; of the crew, which numbered about thirty in all, only twelve. The captain and first mate were among the rescued.

TRIAL-TRIP OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The cruise of the *Great Eastern* from Portland to Holyhead, though short, was thoroughly successful.

At one o'clock on Saturday steam was up and all was ready for a start. Soon after two the crew were sent forward to heave up the anchor, the steam-gear for assisting in getting round the capstan being out of order. The task was not an easy one; and it was not till all the muscular resources known to sailors on such occasions were nearly exhausted that the tenacious grip of Trotman's patent anchor was released. In another minute, without confusion or hurry of any kind, and with less noise than is made by a 100-ton coaster, a slight vibration through the ship, with a thin line of foam astern, showed that the screw-engines were at work and the vessel once more under way. With such ease, with such perfect quietness and good order, was everything accomplished that the cheering from the yachts and steamers was almost the first token given to those on board that the trial-trip had commenced. At a quarter to four the "way" on the vessel was rapid; her head went round like turning a pleasure-boat; and so little sign was given of the ship being under steam that it seemed rather as if the breakwater had got adrift, and was slowly floating past, than that the monster vessel was really cleaving the blue waves with a force which as, yet, we have seen no wind or sea to resist or check. About half-past four the vessel was well clear of the breakwater, though the long business of getting the anchor to the bows was still going on, involving some tight-and-slack-rope feats on the part of the sailors to which M. Blondin's efforts must have been a joke. Lowering men over in litches and bights of hawsers to walk about and exercise their agility on the stock of a muddy anchor is an effort which "must be seen to be appreciated."

Quitting Portland, it was necessary to make rather a round turn on leaving the breakwater, as right ahead, on the starboard bow, was a small light-ship, looking like the skeleton of a vessel, and marking the presence of a dangerous shoal known by the most appropriate and significant name of "The Shambles." Inside this lay a long ridge of angry water, where the Race of Portland ran, and where a deep rolling swell, like the Bay of Biscay on a reduced scale, kept tumbling and breaking into spray like drifts of snow against the high, gaunt cliffs. Now the vessel began to yield to reason, and to behave as much like another ship as she could consistently with her size. It would be too much to say that she rolled at this time; but she went from side to side sufficiently to show that she was susceptible of the motion of the water. At no time here, however, was she moving to an extent usual even with large vessels in fair weather in a moderate swell. In proportion to the increase in the size of ships seems the diminution in their labouring in a seaway; and on this principle the *Great Eastern* is likely to move only as much in a very heavy gale as a smaller vessel will do in a very moderate one. Portland Bill was passed at 5.30, and the cruise continued under easy steam across Tor Bay for the Start light, the screw-engines going 31 to 32 revolutions per minute, and the paddle-engines nine. In all the boilers the steam pressure was about 21 lb., the pressure on the cylinders being only just over 17 lb. This, in fact, was a little more than half speed, yet the *Great Eastern* averaged more than 13 knots an hour. The best guide to the rapidity of the ship's progress was the way in which she passed fast-sailing schooners and overhauled the steamers. At this time nearly all the swell had ceased, and the monster ship was rushing over what, to her, were mimic waves, leaving less wake upon the waters than is caused in the Thames by a Gravesend boat. The only peculiarity about her progress was the three distinct lines of frothy water which her screw and paddles made, and which, stretching out in the clear moonlight like a broad highway, seemed as if the *Great Eastern* had really bridged the sea.

At about 9 o'clock the lookout reported the Start light on the starboard; and at 9.30, however, it was tolerably bright, and well abreast the ship. This was an unmistakable landmark, and showed the ship to have gone, with all delays and under easy steam, about 13 knots (15 miles) an hour, the distance from the Bill of Portland to the Start being 48 nautical or 56 statute miles. The bearings of this light were carefully taken at 9.30, to note the exact time in which the run between it and the Eddystone, an exact distance of 25 knots, could be accomplished. The test, as it proved, however, was not a fair one, as, soon after 10 o'clock, the escape-valve in the bottom of one of the paddle-cylinders was jammed open, allowing a small amount of steam to escape, with a hideous uproar, and filling the engine-room with a warm vapour in which it was both uncomfortable to breathe and difficult to see. This was not only a considerable annoyance to the engine-drivers, but necessitated an immediate reduction of speed to enable the valve to be secured. The fires were accordingly slackened down, and the paddle-engines reduced their revolutions from 10 to little over 5. This diminution of speed continued for more than half an hour; nevertheless, the Eddystone light, bright and clear like a star upon the water, was sighted before 11. Precisely at 20 minutes past 11 the *Great Eastern* was well in the stream of mellow light which it cast upon the waters. Thus, then, notwithstanding the partial stoppage, a distance of 25 knots, or nearly 30 statute miles, had been run at half speed within an hour and three-quarters' time. The paddles were now working easily at from 9 to 10, and the screw at from 32 to 34 revolutions, per minute.

To many of our readers these numbers of revolutions may be mere arbitrary terms, "signifying nothing." It may give them a better idea of the size and speed of the engines which worked so easily when we say that at 10 revolutions the paddle-wheels dashed through the water at something like 1600 feet per minute, and the screw revolved at 2500. When accomplishing this the consumption of fuel was at the rate of 250 tons a day for both engines, the indicated power being nearly 5000 horses—about 2000 horses for the paddles and a little over 3500 for the screw. This number of revolutions, though really very little more than three-quarter speed, should have given the *Great Eastern* a clear run of more than sixteen knots an hour under favourable circumstances. The wind, however, was abeam, the weakest point of the great ship; her immersion was not sufficient by nearly six feet; and for rapid going she ought to have been down by the stern at least 18 inches more than she really was. Her forward draught of water was 21 feet 4 inches, and aft 24 feet 10. The stern should have been down five feet more than the bows. As it was, not less than a foot of the screwblades was out of water, and the slip or loss of power was of course great, more especially when the long, heavy waves kept passing astern, leaving the screw half bare at least once a minute.

Throughout the night very little change was made in the rate of going. The Lizard was sighted and passed at three a.m. on Sunday morning. The deep, rolling swell which sets in on the coast of Cornwall, however, made itself clearly manifest long before this point; indeed, at 2.30 the *Great Eastern* evinced an amount of liveliness that would soon have acted in a widely dissimilar manner on many of the passengers. The ship began to roll so much like another vessel that but for the perfect ease and steadiness of the motion the whole affair would have been disagreeable. The actual roll was as near twelve degrees as possible—quite sufficient to make a most considerable commotion on the lower decks, where, trusting in the perfect immobility of the craft, such small articles as empty casks had been stowed away. This motion, such as it was, lasted about an hour, just while the ship was abeam of the long swell. On the whole, its effect was rather cheering than

otherwise, as it showed that the *Great Eastern* was, in her own way, like any other ship after all. There was something almost unnatural and portentous in the rigidity with which she had stalked over the waters in her run from the Thames. Her motion, however, was but trifling when compared with the usual feats of screw-vessels in this particular. Captain Harrison and Mr. Bold, one of the managing directors, remained upon the bridge throughout the night.

At nearly four o'clock, when the haze was getting very thick, a small brig was seen right under the starboard bow. As usual with these small coasters, she was showing no light and keeping no lookout, and, but for the vigilance exercised on board the big ship, the brig would have been under the waves in two minutes more. Her escape was narrow enough; and nothing short of the instant stoppage of the engines and actually reversing the screw saved her from destruction. She drifted from under the starboard paddle within twenty yards, quite close enough to enable Captain Harrison to speak to her master, and to express a very strong opinion on his style of navigation.

The Scilly Islands were sighted soon after six o'clock. This morning (Sunday) was one of the finest days for a trial-trip that could possibly have been. There was a fair sailing breeze from the north-east, yet the day was mild and warm, and, for the *Great Eastern* at least, the water was as calm as a millpond. There were very few vessels to be seen (in fact, it seemed like Sunday even in the Channel), and those were evidently having a much rougher time of it than seemed possible, judging by the rigidity of the great ship.

Up to this time both the screw and paddle had been working easily. Everything had now got well into working order, and it was felt that the vessel might be fairly urged a little faster. It was intended that the ship should be tried under both engines, and then under the screw and paddle separately, in order to know the working value of each from actual test. Mr. Blake and Mr. Langdon, of Watt and Co., expressed their concurrence in the proposition. Mr. Scott Russell, however, declined to drive his paddles alone. This refusal, or rather his declining to be a party to the trial, disappointed many who were not only anxious to see what each engine could effect, but especially to ascertain whether or not the paddles were fairly doing what all wished them to do. It was now decided to drive the ship at a nearer approach to her full power than had yet been attempted. A greater amount of pressure of steam was therefore ordered to be got upon the boilers, and, pending this, the passengers went below to Divine service in the chief dining-saloon aft. The Rev. Mr. Nicholson, a large shareholder in both the old and new companies, read the service, and preached a short sermon on the text, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh," in which the late catastrophe on board the vessel was alluded to. Service over, there was a general move among the small congregation to the deck, and, to the satisfaction of all, the great ship was found to be under canvas for the first time, and tearing through the water under all fore and aft sails. The wind was blowing fresh from the north-east, and the staysails and topsails had been set on all the masts, and were drawing freely. The aspect of her vast spread of canvas, and the extraordinary effect it produced as one stood at the wheel-house and gazed beneath the long vista of brown sails, stretched to the utmost, and sending off the wind with a sustained roar, was something indescribable. No mere description could convey a fair idea of the effect of the long unbroken avenue of masts, sails, and funnels, like a whole street of steam-ships. The total spread was 25,000 square feet—not more than half of what the vessel carries. None of the square-sails could be set. Nevertheless, slight as was the wind, and small as was the amount of canvas spread to meet it, in proportion to the size of the ship, the result realised the highest opinions. The vessel was going 13½ knots when sail was made; half an hour afterwards she was running 15 knots, or 17½ statute miles an hour. At this time the screw-engines were working at from 38 to 40 revolutions a minute, and the paddle from 10½ to 11. The engines were working at 25 lb. in the boilers; the maximum horse-power indicated by the paddles was 2900—the screw indicating an actual horse-power of 4700. Both worked with perfect ease and smoothness. There were no hot bearings, no perceptible vibration, no noise or movement of any kind or sort whatever. There was only one drawback to the general perfection, and that was in the conduct of the never-to-be-sufficiently-anathematised donkey-engines. Those to the paddle-engines were more or less troublesome throughout, and one connected with the screw broke down entirely. Beyond this trifling matter there was no improvement which the most critical engineer could suggest, except, perhaps, that the paddle-floats should be a trifle deeper in the water.

At this time (about one o'clock) an unfortunate accident occurred to one of the engine-fitters to the paddles, named McGrogan. He was in the act of oiling the steam-trunnion of one of the cylinders, when, from some momentary inadvertence on his own part, his arm was caught between the cylinder and the quadrant, and crushed to pieces at the wrist. He is doing well, and there is a fair chance of saving the hand; though it can never be of the slightest use to the poor fellow. The coolness and courage with which he bore the injury and pain were astonishing.

The Old Head of Kinsale was sighted at 4.30; the bold outlines of the Irish coast seemed to grow from the sea, and the *Great Eastern's* head was turned up the channel. Cork harbour was passed before 7.30, and the wind falling light, sail was shortened, and the vessel was once more under bare poles, going rather against the little breeze that still kept up and threatened to grow fresher as the night wore on. Gradually the breeze got up as the glass went down; long drifts of spray flew wildly from the crests of the waves, the sea became muddy, and the sky waxed dim; the long, moaning noise through the shrouds grew deeper and hoarser, and the *Great Eastern* at last was steaming head to wind against some heavy gusts. So the night passed, and day broke in what is generally termed dirty weather. The morning was cold and raw, with squalls from the N.E. Very few vessels passed, and those were under shortened sail, beating up against the wind, and occasionally taking in a sea. Yet to all this the *Great Eastern* never moved. Going head to wind is the forte of the big ship. From all that has yet been seen, the stronger the wind ahead and the rougher the sea, the easier this vessel seems to take it.

Soon after ten o'clock the *Great Eastern* must have been abreast of Holyhead, though the weather was so thick that it was impossible to make the land, and on such a coast and with such a wind it was not considered prudent to go too near; so the helm was put hard aport, and the *Great Eastern*, for the first time, made a fair turn round in the open sea. She went completely round at a moderate speed in nineteen minutes, and in a distance of a mile and a quarter. This, as regards both time and distance, was little more than half of what it would have taken any line-of-battle ship in her Majesty's service to accomplish.

As the weather was still too thick and the wind too high to venture all at once upon the harbour, it was resolved at the last to try the vessel under screw and paddle before taking her up to her moorings. The revolutions of the screw were slackened down to twelve, leaving the paddles to carry on the ship alone. Under this trial the paddle-engines behaved splendidly. At first the screw was worked at twenty, when the revolutions of the paddles fell off from ten to less than nine, the ship going nine knots. The screw was then stopped dead, and the paddles had to tow it. Under this strain, though still working as noiselessly and easily as before, the paddles fell from nine revolutions to below seven, gradually recovering themselves to seven and a quarter, the ship going from seven and a half to eight knots, against the wind ahead. So far, this trial was considered satisfactory in the highest degree.

The *Great Eastern* was next tried under her screw alone. At the first start, the paddles were turned at the rate of six revolutions to save the screw from the labour of turning them and the massive machinery to which they were attached. The screw then worked at thirty-six, the vessel going eleven knots and a quarter. The paddles were then in the course of a short time brought to a dead stop, and this reduced the revolutions of the screw to thirty-three, and the speed of the vessel

to nine knots. In both cases the result was almost precisely what had been calculated and anticipated, excepting always the allowance to be made for each engine having in turn to overcome the resistance offered by driving the paddles or towing the screw. What, perhaps, was not anticipated was the immense accession of momentum gained by the union of both engines, and which has now placed the immense speed and consequent success of the *Great Eastern* beyond all doubt.

At three o'clock the weather had cleared and set in fine, and the *Great Eastern*, having solved all the questions which were capable of being solved in such a narrow channel, stood in for the harbour of Holyhead. It is not a very easy place to take a vessel in for the length and depth of the *Great Eastern*, but Captain Harrison had the ship as much under command as a Thames water-boat, and, mooring her easily up to the spot selected for her, the anchor was let go in about nine fathoms and the vessel moored at a few minutes to four o'clock.

Thus terminated, under the most favourable auspices, the second trial-trip of this ship, the whole distance accomplished being 480 knots in about forty hours, exclusive of the time devoted to the experiments. This gave an average on the whole run of a little over twelve knots (fifteen miles) an hour, and for more than three-fourths of the whole voyage the ship was only going at half-speed. Fairly estimated, the result exceeded even sanguine expectations. Captain Harrison expresses confidence that the vessel may be depended on to average fifteen knots and a half or eighteen statute miles an hour, and that under ordinarily favourable circumstances of summer wind and weather she will make stretches of from seventeen knots and a half to eighteen knots an hour.

The question now arises—how long the *Great Eastern* will remain at Holyhead, and whether or not she will start for America this winter? As far as can be judged from the successful results of this trial-trip, it would seem that the ship is capable of going anywhere and doing anything. Nevertheless, much remains to be done in the way of making ready for an Atlantic cruise.

The visit of her Majesty is still expected next week, though whether it will take place on Monday or Tuesday is still uncertain.

DEATH OF ROBERT STEPHENSON.

THIS distinguished man died on Wednesday afternoon, at his house in Gloucester-square, Hyde Park. Mr. Stephenson was in his fifty-sixth year. Mr. Brunel, the only man who pretended to rival him, and whose death preceded his by so short a time, was three years his junior. They both led lives of hard work and much excitement—especially during the railway-making period—and the great strain upon their physical and mental powers during that exciting time doubtless tended to shorten the lives of both.

Robert Stephenson was born at Willington Quay, a few miles below Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 16th of October, 1803, in an humble cottage, which was last year converted into a school, in memory of the Stephensons. George Stephenson, his father, was then only a labouring man; he worked the ballast-crane on the hilltop; and occasionally took a turn at shoemaking, or casting ballast out of ships' holds to earn a little extra money during his spare hours. From Willington he removed to Killingworth, a colliery to the north of Newcastle, and it was there that Robert was brought up. One of the first strong ambitions of the father was to give the boy a good education, and with this object he worked hard and saved money, made shoes and shoelasts, cleaned clocks and watches, and cut out the pitmen's clothes. The boy was first sent to a little roadside school in the neighbourhood to learn his letters, after which his father sent him to Bruce's school at Newcastle; and there are many persons still living who remember seeing the boy in his homely grey suit, morning and evening, riding on his donkey to and from school. But his best education was his hard-working father's daily example, which put a spirit of self-improvement into the boy which never left him through life. He was witness of his father's experiments on coal gas, when labouring at his invention of the safety-lamp, and used to get upon a stool to help him. His father taught him to read plans and drawings "like a book," taught him the principles of mechanics, and discussed with him the properties of steam. The boy applied himself diligently, cultivated his practical ability, and his father became proud of him as father could be. After spending some years as apprentice to coal-viewing on the Killingworth pits, Robert was sent to Edinburgh College to study natural science; and his father was a prouder man than ever when his boy came back to Killingworth after a year's study, and laid before him the prize for mathematics which he had honourably won.

George Stephenson was now engaged in laying down railways at Hetton and Darlington, and Robert went upon the works as his assistant. He had in the meantime been employed in his father's engine-shop at Killingworth, where he acquired a familiarity with mechanical work; and he was thus able to design the fixed engines required for the Brunelton incline, near Darlington. By this time he was only twenty-one years of age. This application to work and study, however, is said to have injured his health; and hence, for the sake of change of scene and occupation, his father consented to his accepting an appointment as engineer to a mine in Columbia, South America, whither he set out in the year 1824. He remained there until the end of 1827, when his father—who was then engaged in constructing the works of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, with the great "battle of the locomotive" before him—wrote, urgently pressing his return. On arriving in England, Robert immediately proceeded to take charge of the locomotive manufactory which his father had by this time commenced at Newcastle. The Rocket, which won the coveted prize, was there constructed under the immediate personal superintendence of Robert Stephenson; and, though the idea and general design was furnished by his father, he worked out all those practical details of the engine which contributed so essentially to its triumph at Rainhill. For several years after he continued to devote himself sedulously to the improvement of the locomotive, and he shared with his father the merit of having perfected the invention of this wonderful machine.

It is not necessary we should enter upon a detail of the great railway works, on the construction of which Mr. Stephenson afterwards entered. There is scarcely a county in England or a country in Europe in which he has not been concerned in laying down railways. At the celebration of the opening, in 1850, of the High Level Bridge at Newcastle, one of his greatest works, the chairman of the meeting stated that no less than 1850 miles of railway had been constructed after his designs and under his superintendence, at an outlay of about seventy millions sterling. Again, we have those engineering works, the Menai Bridge, the two great tubular bridges of the Egyptian Railway across the Nile, and the Victoria Bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, across the River St. Lawrence, near Montreal. This last and greatest work of Mr. Stephenson—a tubular bridge of gigantic proportions and immense strength, ten times longer than the new Chelsea Bridge across the Thames, and five times longer than the Britannia Bridge across the Menai Straits—is fast approaching completion; but, as in the case of Mr. Brunel and the *Great Eastern*, the architect has been stricken down before he could witness the final success of his labours.

Mr. Stephenson was a man beloved by all who knew him. He was generous to his contemporaries and associates, forbearant to those who were under him, and most modest and retiring. Above all, he was an honest man, and no jobber.

Mr. Stephenson leaves no family behind him. His wife died many years ago, and he remained a widower. George Stephenson's direct line, like James Watt's, has, therefore, died out.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF THE PRINCESS CLOILDE.—"Some malicious reports," writes a Paris correspondent of the *Post*, "have lately been circulated concerning Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde. Amongst other things it was stated the Princess lived on such bad terms with her husband that she was about to retire to France, &c. I am able to assure you there is no truth in such statements. The Princess may not think herself the most fortunate wife in the world, but she is certainly by no means unhappy. The kindness she receives from the Empress, Prince Jerome, and the members of the Imperial family is frequently the subject of her conversation to those who know her intimately, whilst her husband never fails to show such attention to his bride as princes intend for affection."

Literature.

Man and His Dwelling-place. An Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. J. W. Parker and Son.

The last book-publishing season has been extraordinarily fertile in works of philosophic interest. Mr. Mill's "Liberty," Mr. Bain's "The Emotions and the Will," Mr. Mansel's "Limits of Religious Thought," and, lastly, the essay now before us, "Man and His Dwelling-place," are four volumes such as never before were printed within six months, volumes of extraordinary pith and mark, both as to talent and novelty of speculation. Mr. Mill's "Liberty" we introduced to our readers when it appeared, and it is even yet a topic in the more weighty magazines. Mr. Bain's work we left on one side, after careful study and deliberation, because it is complementary to his "Senses and the Intellect," and we despaired of doing much good with it in the space of a column or two. The Bampton Lectures of Mr. Mansel (the well-known author of the "Prolegomena Logica," and perhaps our acutest living thinker, now that Sir William Hamilton is gone to the other country) occupied quite new ground, being an attempt, founded on the observation of Sir William Hamilton, that "no difficulty emerges in theology which had not previously emerged in philosophy," to carry the argument from analogy into the domain of psychology. This book, too, though it marks an era in philosophic discussion, we were obliged to pass by, because it would have led us into tracks of thought which are, to use an Americanism, not "newspaperial," as anybody may see who turns to Mr. Maurice's criticisms upon it in his last work, "What is Revelation?" Three such books never before challenged attention within the same space of time, and, looking back upon the season, and introducing the one which remains, we could not leave them without a word of notice. With respect to that one in particular—the newest in its views and also much the obscurest and most diffuse of the four—it so happens that we are able to give our readers the benefit of some incidental explanations by the author himself, just printed in a journal which is likely to be seen but by few of them, if any; and, as his doctrine has a romantic interest about it which appeals to the least speculative person, we venture to introduce it as well as we can.

If our friends can stretch their imaginations so far as to conceive the souls of Auguste Comte, William Wordsworth, and Emanuel Swedenborg rolled into one, and producing a theory of the universe, they will have an idea of what the book is. This is, if we apprehend the author rightly, the way in which he would put his case:—Philosophy admits, through a thousand tongues, that we cannot know the essences of things—that we can only know the phenomena of nature; but philosophy supposes an inert substratum or essential something below the phenomena. And here philosophy makes a mistake. The inertness is in man, and not in nature. Nature is alive and man is dead. In respect to the inertness which we (suppose that we) perceive in nature, says the author, science has to do what one branch of science did in astronomy as to the supposed motion in the heavens. Hypotheses, expressing phenomena, constitute the substance of science as at present existing. But so did the epicycles as to the knowledge of the starry heavens. The theories of "cycle on epicycle, orb on orb," were rejected in time because their unbearable complication led to suspicions of their untruth, and investigation confirmed those suspicions. A simpler conception took their place. So, thinks our author, the simple, all-embracing conception that man is inert, and not nature, must take the place of the idea that nature is itself inert, which necessitates a fresh hypothesis for every phenomenon, and gives no satisfaction after all.

We might, perhaps, stop here, and close the matter by saying that this only advances by a step purely verbal beyond the "positive conception" of nature, as it is called. The mystery is, it exists, just like the mystery of pain and sin. The decided credist takes up this mystery in the gross, wraps it up in a theory (right or wrong), and shoves it on one side. The man of more poetic mould prefers, by the necessity of his nature, to take his burden and mystery of pain in a diffused form, hanging all over and about his life, like the sound of a bell, a pervading odour, or a flavour in every cup. With one man it is Satan, down in the bottomless pit, but still there, black and horrible, for ever. With another it is a ghost at bed and board, never laid, it is true, but always fleeing at sunrise, and dreading the stir and music of healthy labour. But no one gets rid of it for good and all. So with the mystery of nature. You must eat your proper peek of difficulty, as well as dirt, in the course of your life. Will you take it at a meal or in an occasional pill? is a question to which the answers differ, according to tastes. The Positivist shelves it without ceremony, baptism or other. Our author gives it a name—the deadness or inertness of man. But *en bono?* Suppose I choose to ask, What is death? what is life? what is inertness? or, still more embarrassingly to this theory, What is comprehended in this "nature," which is alive while I am dead? Philosophically, the universe consists of *self* and *not-self*. Whatever is not *I* is nature—the whole *not-self*. Is my body "nature?" When Lord Raglan's arm was cut off and being carried away with the ring on it, was Lord Raglan's arm a part of "nature" to Lord Raglan? To every individual thinker, the whole universe, including every other man, woman, and child, is comprehended under the term nature; and thus, *ex hypothesi*, while you are, absolutely, dead, you are, relatively, alive. You, Jones, are dead *quoad* Jones; you are alive *quoad* "nature." Is this a specimen of the simplicity with which the new conception works out?

The new theory strikes us as a remarkable illustration of the power of mere words over strong and cultivated intellects. We might drive it all round the world at a mere game of definitions upon beggings of the question. To this clear issue, says our author, the case is brought—man does introduce into nature something from himself; either the inertness, the negative quality, the defect, or the beauty, the meaning, and the glory: either that whereby the world is noble comes from ourselves, or that whereby it is mean; that which it *has*, or that which it *wants*. Can it be doubtful which it is? he asks. But, what mere pitch-and-toss of phrases is this? How, in the name of Hibernia, can man "introduce into nature" that which nature *has*? And what is "introducing into nature?" We understand it as poetry, but not as philosophy. Nature *is*, and man *is*; and man finds nature both noble and mean, because she *is* both. In a similar spirit we might criticise the author's ethical assumptions. He assumes that human life is vain and unsatisfactory; but average healthy life is neither—most positively neither. The common complaint of the unsatisfactoriness of our satisfactions amounts, when driven into its last terms, to this—that sensation does not last for ever (how should it?); or, in other words, that we are limited beings. If happy sensation were continuous—i.e., if life were unvaried—we presume our pleasures would be found satisfactory; but action and reaction are involved in every possible definition of life which does not assume more than we know.

In that incidental paper by the author of this very remarkable and powerful book he quotes Sir William Hamilton on Consciousness, as follows:—"It is at once evident that philosophy, as it affirms its own possibility, must affirm the veracity of consciousness; for philosophy is only a scientific development of the facts which consciousness reveals." ("Lectures on Metaphysics," vol. i., p. 265.) The author of the present volume then goes on to say:—"That is, in brief, there must truly be a table, because I feel it as I do. . . . But, suppose I feel a table to exist, and think it does not exist, is there any harm done, any violence to reason, any shock to faith? Do I not feel things to exist in dreams; and when I wake do I not think that they did not exist?"—and so forth.

Now, this passage brings the matter into such exceedingly small compass that it is a much more "practicable" exposition than is furnished in the introduction to the volume. For that reason we give our readers the benefit of it, and, at the same time, dispose of it (as we humbly think) by the following observations:—

1st. The so-called errors of sense, or sensational consciousness, are actually errors of sense and intellect together. The Arab sees a mirage and calls it palm-trees and water. But surely he sees something?—the error being one of intellectual combination and of nomenclature.

2ndly. We do see in dreams tables which are not where we then

think them, or things which are impossible, e.g., golden lions. But there must necessarily be, or have been, a table somewhere before we can dream it, and there must be gold and lions before we can dream of lions made of gold.

3rd and lastly. It is incumbent upon this writer, if he rejects the authority of consciousness as the basis of certainty (which is what is meant by philosophy), to tell us what universal postulate should be put in its place. He is bound, we say, to do this if he can; but we defy him.

It is right to add that there is a theological sequel to the author's philosophy, in which he argues, with absolute novelty of Scriptural inference, the final salvation of all men. The book is one of extreme interest, full of beauty, subtlety, power, and tenderness; but diffuse even to occasional tediousness. We part with it for the present with the profoundest respect for the talents and motives of the author.

The Shot-gun and Sporting Rifle, and the Dogs, Pheasants, &c., Used with Them in the various Kinds of Shooting and Trapping. By STONHENGE, Author of "British Rural Sports." With numerous Engravings. London: Routledge and Co.

THE titlepage of this handsome volume gives a very poor idea of what it is. Far from being a half-technical hash of barrel-cleaning, knelling, and breeding, it is full of very amusing anecdotes and of facts in natural history, with so few pages that are dull, even to the uninitiated, that we would rather read it than half the novels of the season. Somebody says that the names of precious stones are, for the most part, so sparkling and so suggestive of the things they stand for, that a necklace consisting of slips of card bearing such words as sardonyx, emerald, topaz, and amethyst, would be a pretty ornament for a pretty girl. In a similar spirit we might say that these pages, dotted with such words as heath, furze, marsh, mist, gale of wind, woodcock, dotterel, widgeon, and pheasant, are nearly as good as a month's shooting. What a name is this, "THE GREAT OR SOLITARY SNIPER!" And what a kaleidoscope you have in the description of the plumage of the different birds! Then, as with almost everything readable, there are haunting associations—pleasant anecdotes stirred up in your memory in connection with nearly all kinds of game. You read of the DOTTEREL, and immediately think of that ruthless glutton who devoured a dishful of the little dainties which had been provided for a large party, resisting the suggestion of his longing *cis-a-vis* that he should try a bit of something else with "No, no, thank ye, sir; I'll stick to the little 'uns." You read of the COOT, and, finding that a pair costs only eighteenpence, you perceive the wisdom there was in Mr. Shandy's brother when he gave him that immortal piece of advice in his letter upon a discreet regimen:—"Also abstain, as much as thou canst, from the flesh of peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens." You read of the PEWITT OR LAPWING, and immediately a poem of your infancy rises to the surface of your mind:—

We lapwings saw who cried "Pewitt!"
And one, among the rest,
Pretended lameness, to decoy
Us from her lonely nest.

You read of the BLACKCOCK, and think of "The Lady of the Lake":—

At morn the blackcock plumes his jetty wing.

And we might go on in the same vein, with anecdotes and allusions, for ever. Then, how many are the pleasant pictures called up to the imagination! "A very good plan for beginners"—that is, persons learning to take aim—"is to get a friend to throw a potato or turnip into the air, varying its direction at each throw." Who does not see himself and his *johns* *Achates* making the experiment? Though we might suggest that the range of objects could be extended with advantage from vegetable marrow for very bad marksmen to Ribstone pippins for better. "The shooter may obtain practice in everything but the excitement produced by the chirp of the partridge or the pheasant, to which he must accustom himself before his nerves will be steady enough to allow him to shoot well." But why, let us ask, why this limitation? Why may not the friend who flings up the potato imitate the *chirp*? This in passing. We could also improve upon the treatment of sparrows to be aimed at when let loose from the trap or the hand—"should the sparrows be too quick, put their heads through a hole in a small piece of paper, which will retard their flight"—by proposing a long piece of "elastic" attached to the bird's leg, which would produce a very deliberate movement indeed.

Nor is the volume empty of moral philosophy. It is with pain that we learn of a want of "sympathy" in the woodcock, and with pleasure (mingled with scepticism) that "there are few offices which require more highly-developed bodily and mental qualities than that of the man appointed to the task" of gamekeeper. Among those "few offices," might we enumerate those of a reviewer, a prime minister, a lord chief justice, a general of an army, a physician, a gaol chaplain, a governess, and such like? But no one will arrive at the full value of the moral teaching of the present work who fails to compare the chapters on the training of dogs with those philosophic treatises which deal with the theory of government by rewards and punishments.

Seriously, the book is, judged by internal evidence and such information as we possess, a very good one, and, judged by anybody in any manner, it is pleasant reading for a lazy day.

Critical Suggestions on Style and Rhetoric; with German Tales and other Narrative Papers. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Edinburgh: James Hogg and Sons.

MR. LEIGH HUNT said of Shakespeare that it was difficult, once having anything of his, to wish it away again. We might say the same of Mr. De Quincey, but the present volume is the least acceptable of the series in which his writings are collected. The paper on Milton was, indeed, not worth reproducing at all; and the footnote on "Mary Powel" is curiously unfair. Mr. De Quincey says he has seen in the hands of young ladies (he might also have seen in the hands of solid old gentlemen) a romance bearing her name, which, "whether meant or not to injure Milton," must do so, if applied to the real facts of the case; and he then goes about to magnify Milton's magnanimity in taking Mary back, and sheltering her friends "after Naseby." But what sort of magnanimity is this? If any kind of revenge is utterly despicable and vulgar it is that which takes advantage of a change of relative position in the parties concerned in order to work out its own ends. A revenge which makes its own opportunity may plead some right to use it, but a revenge that is indebted to the chances of fortune for its force and sting would be surely beneath any man, not to say a man who had early pledged himself to make his "life a true poem"—an idea, by the way, commonly attributed to Mr. Carlyle, because he has used it without quotation, as he has Shakespeare's "forked radish fantastically carved." In truth, there is only too much reason to believe Milton to have been a sulky, ungenerous person, though he is not so represented in "Mary Powel." If Mr. De Quincey had read that little book ever so hastily he would have found that the poor wife gets all the blows, and that Milton is not handled as roughly as Byron handles him when he calls him

a harsh sire, odd spouse,
For the first Mrs. Milton left the house.

The best portions of this volume lie scattered very widely. Some of the anecdotes are excellent; and, if we did not know what an embellisher Mr. De Quincey is, would be very valuable, because reliable. But such is this extraordinary man's unfitness for dealing with stubborn fact that we are apt to place notes of interrogation against his simplest relations of things seen and heard. He says Southey introduced him to a Mr. Koster, a merchant of Liverpool, who, though crotchety and splenetically eccentric, had intellectual pretensions, but would never believe in the battle of Talavera. Possibly; but such a fact, so nakedly stated, is so unavailable for psychological purposes that it had better have been suppressed altogether.

On page 71 Mr. De Quincey says that, with the single exception of William Wordsworth, who has paid an honourable attention to the purity and accuracy of his English, he believes there is not one celebrated

author of this day who has written two pages consecutively without some flagrant impropriety in grammar, or some violation, more or less, of the vernacular idiom. And this observation, extending over centuries, he repeats on page 198, saying that, with two or three exceptions—one being Shakespeare—he has never seen the writer, through a circuit of prodigious reading, who has not sometimes violated the accident or the syntax of English grammar. This "it makes Mr. De Quincey blush to say," "We, ourselves, 'blush to' quote the following from that very Shakespeare:—

His steeds to water at those springs
On chalked flowers that are.

But many of the received rules of syntax are disputable, and habitually violated, because our instincts teach us better things. Take, for instance, one of the rules given by that "imbecile foreigner," as Mr. De Quincey calls him, Lindley Murray—"Conjunctions couple the same moods and tenses of verbs and cases of nouns and pronouns"—a rule which we never knew to be adhered to by any talker or writer that ever crossed our path. But blunders in using the accusative cases of the personal pronouns are so frequent that the subject really deserves a book to itself; and we could mention two or three writers of repute who blunder all the worse for affecting extreme correctness. "Rule Britannia" contains a slip in this respect:—

The nations not so blest as thee
Shall in their turns successive fall.

Which might be put right thus:—

The nations all, not blest like thee.

Like not requiring the verb after it, expressed or understood, which *as* does.

Well worth reproducing is a passing criticism of Mr. De Quincey about the French pulpit orators. "No writers, he truly says, are more uniformly praised, none more neglected. The critic is ready with his good word, as the easiest way of getting rid of the subject. You must give reasons for blame, but praise will pass unchallenged. Who has not made the same observations about the eternal Massillon, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and the rest? Under the shield of Mr. De Quincey's great name we shall get rid of a long accumulation of bile upon this subject, and say that we think, and always have thought, the French pulpit orators inane and detestable. Bossuet used to say he lit his lamp at Homer's. The wick and oil were his own thought."

One of the acutest observations made by Mr. De Quincey is, that forensic orators break down in House-of-Commons speaking because there they have no specific, limited "subject matter" before them, but have to shape and draw out their material from their own independent resources, with no brief to guide, and no sharply-defined *terminus ad quem* in the argument. This is good; but Mr. De Quincey should have thought of the numerous forensic orators who have succeeded, in our own day, in political speaking. What of Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cockburn, Cairns? The old reproach is rolled away, and the extensiveness of modern culture makes your Mansfields and Erskines inapplicable instances. It is upon that widening of every man's total culture that the difference turns.

We cannot part with Mr. De Quincey without quoting an example of his peculiar perversity of intellect, which calls for a word of comment. He says we all overrate the degree of publicity there is in "publication." Probably. But he is wide of the mark when he mentions as absurd the idea that an article in a London morning journal of four thousand circulation should "irritate the French people." Perhaps *to irritate* would be a more modest way of putting it; but it is possible to vex the French people through their representatives without putting an angry thought into the head of every individual Gaul.

The Tourist's Illustrated Handbook for Ireland. Seventh Year's Edition. One Hundred original illustrations by Mahony. W. Smith and Sons, London; McGlashan and Gili, Dublin.

WE said the other day that the model guidebook had yet to be written. We were in error. It only waited to be reviewed by us, and here it is—a capital book, full of pictures, poems, anecdotes, and nice digressions. One digression—a longish one—is a defence of Mr. David Unquhart, who turns up apropos of the Turkish Bath.

RELIQS OF THE PLAGUE OF LONDON.—A few weeks since some workmen in digging out the foundation on the east end of Three Nuns-court, by St. Michael's Church, Aldgate, came to upwards of a cartload of human skulls and bones about seven feet from the surface. This was probably the great pit, or "dreadful gulf," as De Foe calls it, provided for the parishes of Aldgate and Whitechapel, which, during a fortnight after it was opened, had thrown into it 1114 bodies, when they were obliged to fill it up. De Foe adds, "I doubt not but there may be some ancient persons alive in the parish who are better able to show in what part of the churchyard the pit lay than I can. The mark of it also was many years to be seen in the churchyard, or the surface lying in length, parallel with the passage which goes by the west wall of the churchyard out of Houndsditch, and turns again into Whitechapel, coming out near the Three Nuns Inn."—*Notes and Queries.*

TERRIBLE ACCIDENTS IN ST. PETERSBURG.—Fifteen or sixteen persons were drowned on the occasion of the illuminations in honour of the majority of the Hereditary Grand Duke, by the falling down of a parapet of what is called the Police Bridge over the Canal de la Molka, in St. Petersburg. As many as eighty persons—men, women, and children—were precipitated into the canal. On the same evening a large cornice-stone of granite fell from one of the angles of the Stroganoff Palace, at the moment a crowd was collected in front of the edifice; several persons were crushed to death and others grievously injured.

FRENCH FLOATING BATTERIES.—M. Arman, a celebrated shipbuilder of Bordeaux, has on the stocks an immense floating battery, of which the *Courrier de la Gironde* gives the following details:—"This vessel, which, when sheathed with strong iron plates, will have bulwarks not less than three feet in thickness, is entirely flat, may ascend the least navigable rivers, and resist the heaviest cannon. It is consequently easy to comprehend of what importance such vessels may be in an unexpected fatality should force us some day into a maritime war."

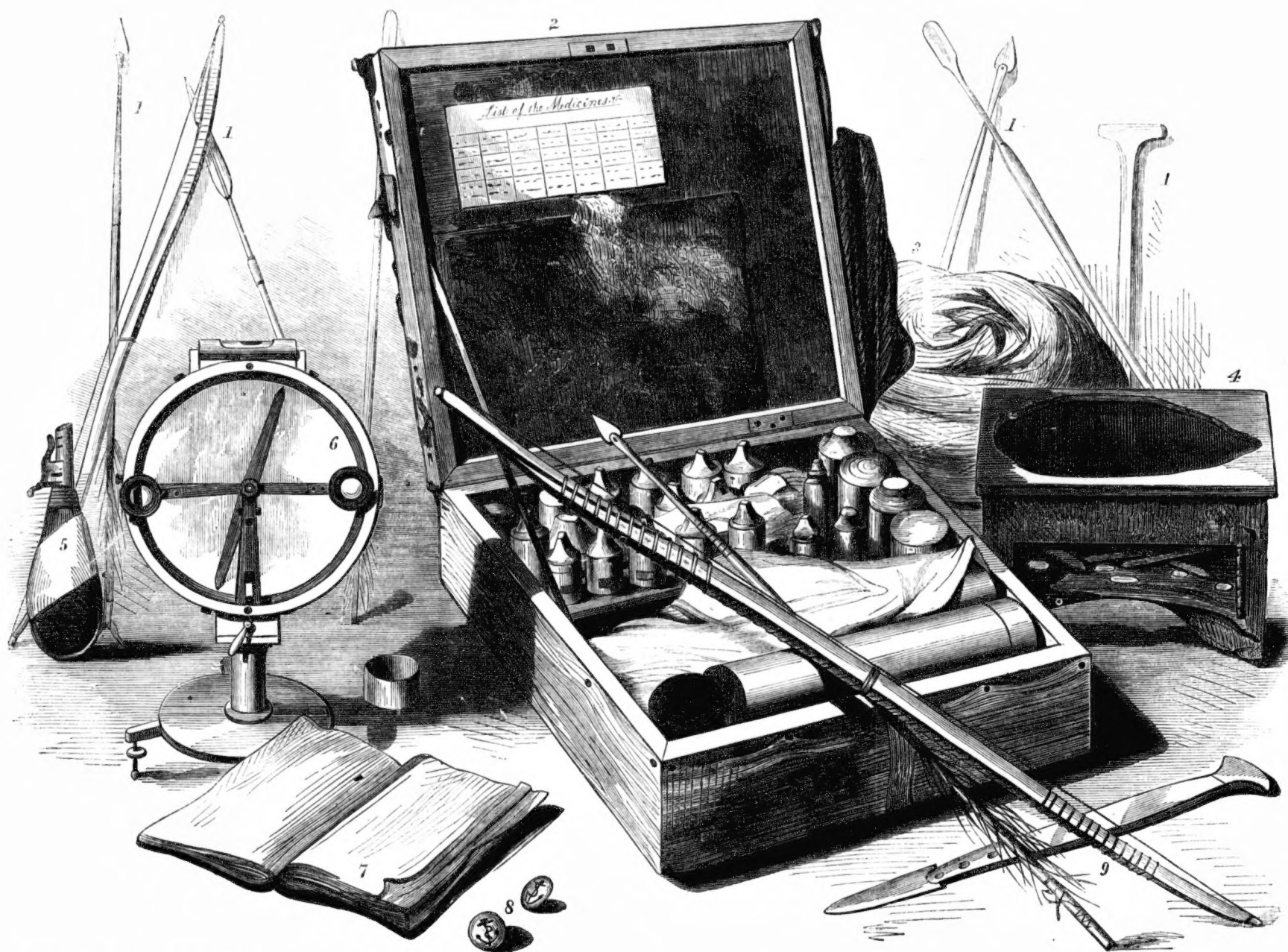
THE DEFENCES OF AUSTRALIA.—Our Australian colonies are giving proof of their earnest desire to relieve the mother country of all anxiety as to their defence, in case she becomes involved in war with any maritime Power. In addition to the steps that had been taken to put Fort Jackson in a position to repel an attack, the Victorian Government had passed laws for increasing the troops of the regular army, enrolling some 6000 volunteers of all arms, and erecting powerfully-constructed batteries both at the Heads of Port Phillip, and at the entrance to Hobson's Bay, where usually lies at anchor a fleet almost altogether British, of some half-a-million of tonnage and many millions of value. The Honourable Captain A. Clarke, R.E., at the request of the colonists, has been named by the Duke of Newcastle the Commissioner on behalf of the province to conduct the selection and purchase in Europe of the arms and munitions of war requisite to complete these defences. Captain Clarke was for many years Surveyor-General in Australia, and was recently a member of the Provincial Cabinet of Victoria.

ARREST OF LADIES AT MANTUA.—A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Ravenna, says:—"At Mantua the Marchioness Visconti-Gonzaga, by marriage Countess Arrivabene, went with some young maidens, all of the best families, to attend a funeral celebration in honour of the Italians who fell in the late Lombard war. The young ladies, who had, without the Countess, proceeded from the church to the burial-ground, were shut up in that cemetery under a scorching sun, and were left there for six or seven hours exposed to the noontide glare, with no protection but their thin black veils, till one of them fell down overpowered by a sunstroke. The Countess, who had gone home from the church, was arrested in her own house, and conveyed to a prison destined to women of bad character. The Countess descends from that Gonzaga family which once reigned in Mantua, and married into the house of Arrivabene, several members of whom have become illustrious abroad as the most worthy of Italian exiled patriots. She has three sons, one of them a professor in the London University, two others in the ranks of the Italian army. One of the most universally-esteemed matrons of Mantua is sent to an infamous prison, guilty of the great crime of attending a mourning mass for the happy repose of the souls of those national combatants among whom she had friends and relations."

DEATH OF AN AMBASSADOR.—Mr. Mason, the United States' Minister to Paris, died a few days ago, and was buried with great pomp. The solemnities were attended by an immense mass of soldiers with muffled drums and eagles craped, and several full bands of music. In short, nothing was left undone by France to show her respect for the United States.

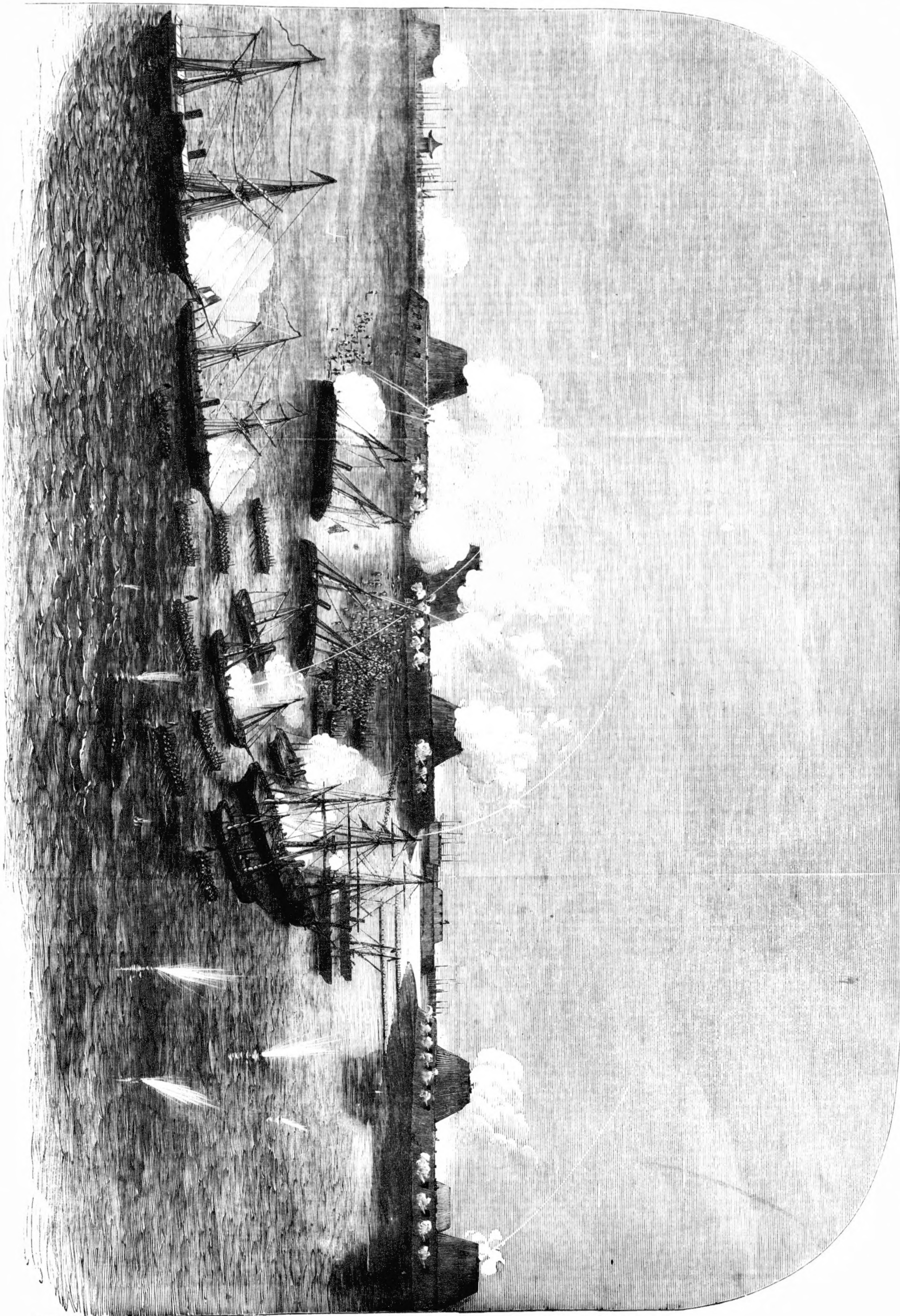


CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK FINDING A SKELETON IN THE SNOW.—SEE PAGE 253.



1. Esquimaux Weapons. 2. Medicine-chest. 3. Bag in which flag was found. 4. Cooking-stove. 5. Powder-flask. 6. Dipping-needle. 7. Prayer-book. 8. Anchor-buttons. 9. Bow and Arrow and Implement made by the Esquimaux

RELICS OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.



THE ATTACK ON THE FORTS AT THE MOUTH OF THE PIHIC.—(FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS TURNER, OF H.M. CR. S.V. N.)

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

We do not know anything published lately which throws a greater light on the difference between American and English manners than the correspondence between General Harney and Governor Douglas. Two different worlds of culture and associations are revealed by it. It is as great as the contrast between two schools of painting. The American is defiant, brusque, self-conscious, unmannerly; he is playing, as it were, to the shilling gallery. The British diplomatist is quiet, polite, perfectly self-restrained—in fact, a gentleman. It would be a great mistake to suppose that this same contrast is a mere matter of style, an unimportant affair of form. Not so. It represents a moral distinction between the positions of American and English public men. Whatever the advantages of American institutions, they have one great drawback, a drawback belonging to all unalloyed democracies—that they tend to breed a vulgarity of sentiment, a love of egotistic and bullying display, nourished by the necessity of constantly pleasing a huge, uneducated, and unrefined mass. Half the fun of the great Attic satirist, Aristophanes, is drawn from the display of demagogues like Harney; he had his eye all the while on the applause of "rowdies," sure to be tickled by the spectacle of his attempt to

Beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall.

But the lion is a dignified as well as a formidable animal. In this case he showed a courtesy which was in itself a rebuke. The power and courage of England are so thoroughly established that her representatives can afford to be self-restrained, and their great traditions and social cultivation prompt them to take advantage of the power. The Governor quietly referred the dispute to the Governments; and, if Harney remained protem in a position where he had no business to be, it was much as if a company of gipsies bivouacked on a private land during an interval employed by the proprietor of the mansion in sending for the police.

We must not conceal from our readers that some American journals urge on their Government a tone in this controversy less reasonable than that of Mr. Buchanan. Partly perhaps this is "bunkum," like so much noisy talk occurring before presidential elections. Perhaps it is entirely so. But, whether or no—whether it is seriously wicked or only meanly foolish—we are anxious that the people of this country should meet it with proper spirit. As a farce, it is getting stale; as a menace, it must be checked. The truth is, that the discovery of a kind of British California has brought the two nations into a rivalry on the Western Continent, which is extremely distasteful to a race wishing the entire monopoly of those regions. But are we to give up every advantage that has been secured to us partly by the adventurous spirit of our ancestors and partly by our own? And, if we are to yield regularly, where will yielding stop? This is the question that is now fairly submitted to the British people. The San Juan difficulty is only one part of it. We may, upon further inquiry, have to modify our claims on that particular spot. But that is a boundary-commissioner's affair. Only, let us make it quite understood that we enter on the discussion of the point with the rigid intention of following up our rights. Do not let us yield anything in advance. As it stands we are the insulted party, and we have already waived something. Let it once have been observed by men of the Harney stamp that we are not in earnest in our belief in our own Western-continental rights, and we shall be insulted periodically. We see the kind of men that English gentlemen find themselves in contact with in these regions.

It will be necessary, we think, as the result of these considerations, to strengthen our force about Vancouver's Island; for the spectacle would be unseemly of a nation like ours represented at a disadvantage, anywhere. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that, in spite of that truly respectable and honoured print, the *New York Herald*, peaceable and generous counsels will prevail in the Washington Cabinet. Whether or no, however, the time is come for Great Britain to resolve on no improper concessions either in America or elsewhere. The world is beginning to form a somewhat exaggerated notion of our Powers of giving in, and no wonder. We suspect that, before Great Britain declines, more than one nation will find her no vulgar antagonist.

INCOMES OF LONDON CHARITIES.—There are in London twelve hospitals for general purposes, forty-six for special purposes, thirty-four dispensaries, giving relief to 365,955 persons every year. Ninety-two hospitals (income), £300,000; twelve societies for the preservation of life and health, benefiting 39,000; £40,000; seventeen penitentiaries and reformatories, £2500; fifteen charities for relief of the destitute, benefiting 150,000; £25,000; fourteen charities for debtors, widows, strangers, &c., £30,000; four Jewish charities, exclusive of twenty minor Jewish charities, £10,000; nineteen provident societies, £9000; twenty-seven pension societies, benefiting 1600, £58,968; thirty-three trade societies of a purely charitable nature, exclusive of self-supporting societies, £113,467; a hundred and twenty-six asylums for the aged, benefiting 3000, £87,630; nine charities for deaf, dumb, and blind, £25,000; twenty-one educational societies, £72,247; thirteen educational asylums, exclusive of schools supported by Government, 1777 persons, £45,405; sixty Home Missions, many of which extend their operations beyond the metropolis, £400,000; five miscellaneous, not admitting classification, £3522; seven Church of England Foreign Missions, £248,533; seven Dissenting Foreign Missions, £211,135. The above represent a total yearly income of £1,678,945. To these may be added five other societies not susceptible of classification, making a total of £1,682,197. If we separate the societies of a purely domestic character from those whose operations are wholly or in part conducted in foreign lands, the result will be as follows:—Home charities, £1,222,529; foreign missions, £459,668. The amount spent in foreign missions, therefore, is just one-third of that devoted to the relief, instruction, and reformation of the poor, the ignorant, the unfortunate, and the vicious in London alone.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—We hear that M. Benedict, in conjunction with Dr. James Pech, has determined to organise an amateur instrumental department in connection with the above association, to be called "The Vocal and Instrumental Association," for the practice of overtures, symphonies, cantatas, masses, anthems, and any other music that may be suitable for band and chorus conjointly or separately, and that in the course of the season two or more concerts will be given by its members. We need hardly remind our readers that, educationally speaking, this is a step in the right direction; and no doubt the many amateurs with which this metropolis abounds will be found to embrace such an opportunity for practising and studying the best vocal and instrumental compositions of the great masters under the able direction of two such accomplished musicians.—*Musical World*.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN, according to programme provided, was to have been at Loch Katrine yesterday (Friday), there to meet the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow on the occasion of inaugurating the new waterworks. The Prince of Wales was to accompany her.

PRINCE NAPOLEON GRÉGORI BONAPARTE, the first son of the Prince de Canino, is about to marry Mlle. Marie Christine, daughter of Prince Ruspoli, of Rome. Mgr. Lucien, brother of the bridegroom, will celebrate the marriage ceremony.

THE MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, who is making an Italian tour, has been at Bologna, and dined with Garibaldi a few days ago.

A DR. ROBERT GRAHAM, who, in 1851, shot Colonel Charles Loring at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, was recently shot dead in a quarrel at New Orleans by Mr. Ernest Toldane.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KRAAN commenced their tour in the provinces at the Exeter Theatre on Wednesday week.

THE *Nord* states that Schamyl and his son have been partaking of the Czar's hospitality, and that they have attended balls in their honour.

THE CATHOLIC CLERGY OF PARIS have arranged to give a grand banquet in honour of Monseigneur de Tulle, who preached in two churches on Sunday last in favour of upholding the rights of the Holy See.

A CANADIAN PAPER states that the Duke of Rutland recently proposed for the hand of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, but her Majesty refused her consent.

A DIVER at Ramsgate lost his life last week by the bursting of the air-pipe while he was under water. On its being discovered that the pipe had burst he was immediately brought to the surface, but he had then ceased to live.

THE SPANIARDS at TARIFA Fort continue to amuse themselves by firing at passing vessels. On the 8th of September a Belgian and a Dutch barque were fired at, and the former received a shot through her mainsail. Several shots were fired at other vessels which were passing after dark.

THE LIMERICK CORPORATION has granted permission for laying tramways in that city. The press of Cork and Belfast is advocating them.

M. KOSUTH'S LETTER has been published without his consent, it appears. The publication was the work of "warm friends."

DR. SMITHURST, says the *Globe*, will not suffer the extreme penalty of the law; "but, from inquiries made by direction of the Government, startling circumstances have come to light which we believe will compel the Home Secretary to commute the sentence to nothing short of penal servitude for life."

AN AGED WOMAN, named Roberts, whose husband committed suicide a short time ago, fell into a desponding frame of mind, and finally followed his example. On Saturday she threw herself from the house-top.

THE SPEED of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's new paddle-wheel steamer *Delta* was tried on Saturday at Stokes Bay. The mean of four runs gave the late result of 14.609 knots per hour.

REAR-ADMIRAL BOWYER died at Southampton on Saturday in the seventieth year of his age.

THE SMALLPOX is said to be very prevalent in London. The Smallpox Hospital is so full that another patient cannot be received.

THE YIELD of HOPS this year is abundant and of fair quality.

A BOY DIED at COLLINGHAM, NOTTS, last week from eating poisonous fungus. He screamed when touched, and appeared in great agony. His mind became affected a few hours before he expired.

THE CHOLEERA has been raging at Bruges. The canals which traverse the city are in a stagnant state, owing to the heat and drought of the summer months.

IN RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN FRANCE the loss of life by accident is 1 in 1,955,555 passengers, and wounds 1 in 496,531. By diligence the proportion was 1 killed in 355,463, and 1 wounded in 29,871.

THE RUSSIAN MINISTER, BARON BRUNNOW, has left London en route to Warsaw, to meet the Emperor. During his Excellency's absence the affairs of the Embassy are transacted by M. le Comte Bloudoff, Chargé d'Affaires.

LOLA MONTES has returned to New York.

MR. GOWAN, the contractor for raising the sunken vessels at Sebastopol, has been invited by the Allied Commissioners on the Danube to raise a large number of vessels sunk at the Sulina entrance of that river, and to remove some serious impediments.

SIR JAMES HUDSON, so many years our Minister at Turin, has had an audience of her Majesty at Balmoral, on leave of absence from his post. His Excellency has also had several long conferences with the Foreign Secretary in the Highlands.

THE *Steffata* of TURIN announces that Austria has consented to restore the non crown of Lombardy.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has demanded that the English recently expelled from Mexico be allowed to return, and that they shall be reimbursed for the losses they sustained, and compensation given.

THE HARVEST IN FRANCE is this year somewhat below the average, both for corn and wine.

THE PEOPLE of BANBRIDGE propose to raise a memorial to their distinguished fellow-townsmen, Captain Crozier.

THE *Gazette* of FRIDAY WEEK published a minute of the Governor-General of India, bringing to the Queen's notice the names of those civilians who most signally aided in restoring tranquillity to India. The list is a long one, comprising the names of some who are dead.

SEVERAL PERSONS WERE DANGEROUSLY INJURED in a railway collision near Sheffield on Tuesday.

A LARGE NUMBER OF WORKMEN have been added to Sir W. Armstrong's establishment at Woolwich to hasten the manufacture of rifled ordnance. The laboratory and carriage departments have also increased their numbers.

THE STEWARD of a STEAMER was cleaning a birdcage recently, when one of the glass fountains slipped. He grasped at it quickly, and in doing so slightly wounded his finger. But great events from little causes spring. Inflammation set in, lockjaw supervened, and in two days the steward was dead.

PROFESSOR KISS, of Berlin, has shown his gratitude to the mineral springs of Carlsbad by presenting the town with a magnificent colossal tiger's head in bronze killing a serpent. It has been placed on the road to Marienbad, near the promenade, in such a way that the tiger's head emerges from a cavern, creating the illusion that the rest of the body is within.

EFFORTS are being made in LINCOLNSHIRE to promote the erection of a monument to Sir John Franklin at Spilsby, the place of his birth.

A PARIS SWINDLER has carried confusion into the offices of the Mont de Piété by pawning some dozens of ingots, apparently of silver, but being, in fact, compounded of antimony, pewter, and lead.

A MARRIAGE took place recently between Major Cuthbertson, an Indian trader and agent of the American Fur Company, and Natowista, daughter of the chief of the Blackfoot Indians. They were married by Indian rites seventeen years ago.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL has recently met with an accident. A day or two ago, whilst out shooting at his country seat (Hackwood Park), he received several shots in the leg, four or five of which passed through the calf, and one penetrated the knee.

THE BROUGHAM BANQUET at EDINBURGH, which was postponed from January last, is now expected to take place on Wednesday, the 26th inst.

THE END of the PHOENIX CONSPIRACY has at length arrived. At a late hour on Friday evening Daniel O'Sullivan, of Ardgrove, was released from Mountjoy prison, and proceeded home at an early hour on Saturday.

IN VICTORIA quite a mania for new joint-stock companies has sprung up. The movement, however, is not surprising after the "Argus Flat Company," which for two years has paid £100 per annum upon each share of £10.

THE CHARTERHOUSE BRETHREN'S CLAIM TO VOTE in right of their occupancy of rooms in the Charterhouse has been decided against them.

SIR JOHN RATCLIFFE is, we understand, invited to a public dinner by his fellow-citizens on the 9th proximo, on the occasion of his retirement from the majority of Birmingham, which he has now held for three years in succession.

THE SLENDID AMERICAN ALOE in the Botanic Gardens at Kew (said to flower once in a hundred years) being now in full bloom, Sir W. Hooker has postponed their closing for another month, to enable the public to view this very extraordinary plant.

MR. E. S. CAYLEY, M.P., has delivered at Catterick a speech treating of France and French invasion. Mr. Cayley is alarmed at the policy of Louis Napoleon, urges that we ought to spend immense sums of money in preparing England for "any contingency," and that rifle clubs should be formed all over the country like "cricket elevens."

A CROWDED PUBLIC MEETING of ROMAN CATHOLICS was held at the Temperance Hall, Spitalfields, on Wednesday, to sympathise with the Pope as regards his position in connection with the present critical state of affairs. The large hall was filled by an enthusiastic auditory.

THE BUILDERS' STRIKE, it is hoped, will be terminated this week. Mr. Ayrton has come forward as a mediator; and the fact that some of the contractors are now being hardly pressed by those to whom they are engaged will probably assist Mr. Ayrton's recommendations.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

SALU is amongst the prophets; or, in other words, Sir Richard Bethell, her Majesty's Attorney-General, has come out as a preacher of Christianity, and upon an open platform has related his "experience." The picture of Sir Barnes Newcome lecturing upon "The Poetry of the Affections" was thought to be an extravagant conception, verging upon caricature. But was the fiction stranger than this fact? I venture to answer, no. Indeed, I think that the advent of our sleek Attorney-General in this new character is one of the most remarkable products of these confused times. The rise and culmination of Spurgeon is a curious phenomenon; but this is more wonderful still. The popularity of Spurgeon has its parallels in religious history; but a successful lawyer lecturing to his constituents on Christianity, and relating his "experience," is unprecedented. And what a curious theory of Christianity that is which he preached! and what a still more remarkable "experience" that which he related! His theory is that Christianity is simply a beautiful, soft, rose-pink, universal Benevolence, which, if diligently practised, will lead to the heaven of worldly success. This is the new evangel of which Sir Richard is the apostle, and this is the heaven which he promises his followers. No stern beliefs—no strugglings—no soul-shaking conflicts—no grand self-denials—no heroic battlings and endurances; but simply a path all strewn with flowers—and the heaven of worldly success at the end. This, and no more, is Sir Richard's gospel; and to gain converts to it he relates to us his "experience." His words are these:—"Were I to look back upon my own life I should say that of all the success that I have individually met with in my career I should ascribe the greater part to the fortunate power of exercising kindness." As if he should say, "I received a good education. Before I was eighteen I was a first-class man at Oxford and a Bachelor of Arts. In 1823, when I was only twenty-three, I was called to the Bar. I worked hard, and soon got into a good practice. In 1840 I became Queen's Counsel; in 1851 I entered Parliament; in 1852 I was appointed Solicitor-General; in 1856, Attorney-General, which post I hold now. I have made a large fortune, and in all probability I shall soon be Lord High Chancellor of England. But don't imagine I owe this to my talent, industry, legal attainments, eloquence, intrigue, or good fortune. No, it is not so. The main cause of success is that I have exercised kindness, or, in other words, that I have been a Christian." Now, in reading all this I was disposed at first to doubt Sir Richard's sincerity, but, by a stretch of charity, I have come to the conclusion that in respect to this new and singular theory of Christianity Sir Richard may be sincere, although it is certainly marvellous that a man of our Attorney-General's large capacity can see nothing more in Christianity than such a watery principle as this. But great lawyers, or rather successful lawyers, are so immersed in their profession, live so entirely in a world of their own, that many of them know less of such matters as these than many a boy at our national schools. Mr. D—, a well-known member of Parliament, relates with great glee a story illustrative of this. He was once, he says, wandering in the exhibition-room of the Royal Academy, when he came up to a learned Judge, who was staring with a puzzling air at Hunt's noted picture of "The Scape-goat." "Ah, D—," said the Judge, "you have come just in time to solve a difficulty; pray what does the artist mean by calling that a scapegoat? I see a goat in a distressing case, but why is it called a 'scape' goat? I never heard of the name before?" "Never heard of the scape-goat?" replied D—. "Why, I'm ashamed of you; did you never read of it in the Book of Leviticus?" "Now, really," said the Judge, "I'm ashamed to say that I don't recollect it; but, if it is in the Bible, of course I must have read about it. But we lawyers, you know, have so little time to read anything but our professional books that we are apt to get sadly behind in these things; I really must rub up my Bible knowledge." And so with Sir Richard Bethell. If he was sincere in propounding this theory, he, too, must have sadly fallen behind in his Bible knowledge. With respect, however, to Sir Richard's "experience," by no stretching of Christian charity is it possible to cover that. As a legal friend of mine said when he read it—"It is simply 'bosh'!" And there I leave it. This, then, is Sir Richard Bethell's "Pilgrim's Progress." No slough of despond—no hill of difficulty—no grim wrestlings with Apollyon—but an easy path upward, all mildly radiant with benevolence; and, instead of a cross, the great seals, the woolpack, and a peerage looming in the distance.

The cry is "Still they come!" Every legislator who can wag his tongue seems determined to do so. My Lord Eversley, late Speaker of the House of Commons, has been talking upon education at Winchester. The Earl of Ripon, who but lately was Viscount Goderich, and member for the West Riding, has been perorating in his feeble, forcible manner at Huddersfield, in company with Sir John Ramsden, who made rather an effective speech. And at Canterbury, at a meeting of the Diocesan Association, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, late Under-Secretary of State, has delivered a very effective one. Mr. Hardy has been in Parliament three years, during which time, like a wise man, he has in the main been a silent member. But in the desperate battle upon the vote of want of confidence Mr. Hardy made one of the best and most telling speeches that came from the Conservative side. And this harangue of his at Canterbury sustained the reputation which he had gained. His remarks upon the wretched dwellings of the poor in the rural districts were at once forcible and true. The handsome Gothic village schoolroom is a pretty object, but not much education of the right sort can we expect to get out of it whilst the children are at home housed but little better than pigs.

That wonderful "old man eloquent," Lord Brougham (aged eighty-one), has, at the Bradford meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, with his usual sagacity, hit the nail on the head. Not contented with denouncing bribery, he has hurled a thunderbolt at the bribers which, if they are not perfectly hardened, must make them wince not a little. He describes the feeling which animates them as "a vile, grovelling, unprincipled ambition; a thirst of power at any price to be slaked, which, despicable as it is, moves equally uncontrolled in its victims;" and the bribers themselves, in the words of Spencer, as men

Whom neither fear of God, that devils bind;
Nor laws of men, that common weals contain;
Nor bounds of nature, that wild beasts restrain;
Can keep from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtain.

Fancy Mr. Quaker Leatham and that upright and severe justice of the peace, Sir Robert Carden, Knight, reading these burning words at their breakfast-tables! At the conclusion of the inquiry I must notice further the curious doings at Gloucester and Wakefield.

And now a small space for a dirge of lamentation. The great and good Robert Stephenson is dead; and we shall never see his face nor hear his voice in the House of Commons again. Robert Stephenson was the son of the celebrated George Stephenson. He was born in 1803, when his father was earning about a pound a week. I cannot trace his career from this humble origin to the lofty eminence to which he has attained, but perhaps you can find room for the following paragraph from Smiles's life of the father, illustrative of the humble beginning of that career:—"In the early period of my life," says the father, "when Robert was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school and give him a liberal education. I was, however, a poor man; but how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at night after my daily labour was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son."

It is a long time since London society has had the mirror so plainly held up before it as we find in a book called "Sparks from a Locomotive," by Colonel Fuller, an American journalist, who was over here this spring, and contributed accounts of all he did and all he saw to a Yankee newspaper, which he has now republished. The Londoners living out of literary and political circles, and desiring to know something of the appearances and manners of their celebrities, will learn

more from Colonel Fuller's work than from anything ever published by their own countrymen, who are averse to this kind of popularity. Colonel Fuller went everywhere and saw everything; he went to the Cosmopolitan Club, "where rooms are only open on Wednesday and Sunday evenings, and at there until 10 p.m." There he finds "a choice collection of 'spirits' of various brands, Turkish pipes, tolerable cigars, the brandy, a few jolly lords," &c. By the employment of the adjective the Colonel would seem to have expected that all the male aristocracy of the Shaftesbury leather. Our Yankee friend sketches with a good pencil. Here are some of his portraits:—"Tom Taylor is tall, slender, young-looking, with a full black beard." "The author 'Ethel' is a short, slender, delicate-looking man, with pleasant manners, and an easy talker." "Mr. Layard is a stoutish man, with a beard slightly touched with frost, decidedly jolly in look and manner, but a little sore, it is said, at being ousted from Parliament." "The poet Milnes is rather short and slightly plethoric." "Oh, Colonel Fuller! thank your stars and stripes that 'Yankee Joe' is your national air, and not 'Rule Britannia.'" If you had been an Englishman, and hinted that any illustrious author was "slightly plethoric," or had hair "slightly touched with frost," you would have been turned out of the Cosmopolitan Club, cut by the jolly lords, and made an agreeable cockshy for every gentleman scribe who could not lift a brick to leave at you. Certainly, the Colonel's book is a wonder; he thinks the British Museum "a stunning institution," but Madame Tussaud's "scarcely less extraordinary and still more startling;" he dines with Mr. Norton, William Sterling, and Albert Smith; he writes "from the luxurious rooms of the Reform Club;" he apologises, Republican as he is, for having taken off his hat as the Royal carriage passed, but he is satisfied he has given "a token of inextinguishable homage which Her Majesty and the Prince Consort most graciously acknowledged." He talks with Lord Malmesbury, "a noble-looking man, with a serious, substantial-looking face, quite the bearded of a statesman;" he dines with Sir E. Bulwer, and "has the satisfaction of giving him and seeing him enjoy perhaps of the best years that ever regaled his dainty senses." An hour may be spent very amusingly in glancing through the "Sparks." The author looks at all things English with a kindly eye; but throughout he never forgets that he is an American, and Yankee people and Yankee notions "have his first thought and his first description."

The new year will bring us two new magazines—one published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, and edited by Mr. Thackeray, price one shilling; the other to be called "Macmillan's Magazine," and published by the well-known Cambridge firm. Professor Masson will be the editor of this last mentioned, and one of its principal contributors will be Mr. Hughes, of "Tom Brown's School-days" fame, who purports to narrate the experiences of Tom Brown at College. Has not University life been a little overdone in books already? It is said that Mr. Thackeray will not commence any serial work—at all events for the present—but that he will confine himself to essay-writing. He is already forming his staff, of which Mr. George Augustus Sala is one. Mr. Dickens gave a reading at Ipswich on Monday last.

The *National Magazine* has passed into the hands of Mr. Ewing Ritchie, a temperance writer.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

PRINCESS' GOSSIP.

DURING Mr. Maddox's régime at the Princess', that is to say, some dozen years ago, adaptations from the French were produced with marvellous rapidity; and this, coupled with the fact that the translator's name never appeared to his work, and that he himself was almost entirely unknown, gave rise to the sportive fiction that he was some bond-servant, sold at some awful price to the manager, who kept him chained to the leg of a table with no other companion than a Leveizé's decanter, and enforced upon him the production of a certain number of pieces hebdomadally. Among other blue-covered brochures consigned to the manipulation of this Little Unknown was one called "Le Gant à l'Éventail," which, after undergoing the necessary process, came forth very neatly rendered into English under the title of "Love's Telegraph," and aided in its representation by the talents of Madame Vestris, Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mr. Compton. It is a pretty story; a reigning Princess but recently emerged from a convent has fallen in love with her secretary, one M. Arthur de Solberg, and displays her passion to the audience, but hides it from its object until a decree from Rome shall arrive releasing her from the vows of her novitiate. She is, meanwhile, pestered by the attentions of her ridiculous old chamberlain, Baron Pampernickle, and is also courted by the Prince of Heintout, an old friend of De Solberg's, who is under the incognito of Count Theodore. De Solberg himself is deeply in love with the Princess's great friend Alice, and they have between them arranged a system of telegraphing, she with the aid of her fan, and he of his glove, by which they are enabled to converse in the Royal presence. The Papal release arrives, and the Princess dictates to De Solberg a letter, which she leaves unaddressed, but which he cannot fail to perceive is intended for him, declaring the avowal of her love. He is in a fix, but his natural wit assists him in the difficulty. He gives the letter to the Prince, who is overjoyed, and in a clever speech, full of feeling and manly, respectful tenderness, points out to the Princess what he has done, and how much better it will be that she should wed one of her own rank. The Princess is at first deeply enraged, more especially as the telegraphing system has just been explained to her by the malicious Baron; but her better feelings conquer, she yields De Solberg to Alice, marries the Prince, and all ends happily. The piece was revived on Monday at the house where it was originally produced, and with good success. The parts of the Princess and De Solberg, originally played by Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews, now find representatives in Mrs. Charles Young and Mr. Harcourt Bland. Mrs. Young acted most charmingly, and she was perfectly ladylike, natural, and spirited. Mr. Bland's personal appearance unfits him for the part of De Solberg. He lacks the requisite juvenility; but he is a thorough master of the stage, and rattled through his scenes with a verve second only to that of the original actor. Miss Kate Saville seems doomed to unpleasant characters, and appears equally determined to make the best of them. Mr. Shore, always a superior, did well as the Prince; and Mr. Frank Matthews, though showing his humour occasionally to border on the grotesque, caused great laughter as the Baron. So far as scenery, dresses, and appointments are concerned, the piece is perfection.

The same evening Mr. Widdicom appeared in a most ridiculous farcical sketch called "The Two Folts," a piece of nonsense of the broadest nature, in which his capital acting and genuine fun served to keep the audience in roars of laughter.

It is reported that Miss Swanborough is in treaty with Mr. Arnold for the lease of the LYCEUM, though one could scarcely think it probable that she would contemplate yielding up possession of the little abode which she has discovered in the Strand.

A new farce, with parts for Mr. Alfred Mellon, Mr. Toole, and Mr. David Fisher, by Mr. Maddison Norton, is in rehearsal at the Adelphi; a comedieta by the same author is in preparation at the Gaiety.

ASTLEY'S opens on Monday with an astonishing novelty, an equestrian drama, written specially for Mr. Cooke's human and equine company, by that great "utility-man," Mr. Tom Taylor, and representing the principal events in the life of Garibaldi.

The pantomime at the ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA this year will again be written by Messrs. J. V. Bridgeman and Sutherland Edwards, and will have the excellent W. H. Payne and his family as its principal characters.

MR. ALBERT SMITH has returned to town; his entertainment "China" will be resumed about the end of the month.

The theatrical season in Paris may be said to begin in the month of September. The returns of the receipts of the various theatres, just published, show an increase of three hundred thousand francs as compared with the month of August.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE most interesting article in the new number of *Fraser* is one called "About the West Riding," the peculiarities of the scenery and inhabitants of which are very graphically described, and many curious anecdotes related. The writer visited Haworth, the scene of Charlotte Brontë's life, so recently as August last, and gives very many interesting particulars of the place. Here is a description of Mr. Brontë and his church:—

When we reached Haworth the churchyard was full of people sitting on the gravestones, waiting for the morning service to begin, while the bells, the only cheerful thing about the place, were pleasantly chiming, and calling to distant strangers to hasten their steps. Entering the church we were placed in a pew in the gallery, and half time to look about us before the clergyman, Mr. Nicholls, made his appearance. The interior is large and contains three galleries; in the one over the communion-table the organ is placed, and to the right of it are added against the wall the tables of the common law, looking very much like the backs of colossal books. On the south wall, in a corner, is a clock, with the inscription, "Take, how short; turn, how long;" against the west wall, near the vestry, is placed a tablet, stating that the temple and the little bell were made in the year of our Lord 1400. The pews are very large, and inside them are painted on great labels the names of the owners—e.g., Mr. Pughill with two sittings; Mr. Gargrave; Mrs. Ellis for Far Intake; Mr. Horsfall for Willshaw Head, &c., &c.

The attendance was small in the morning, but better in the afternoon, when Mr. Brontë preached. Owing to his advanced years he is not able to attend the whole of the service, but comes into church when the afternoon prayers are half over. A most affecting sight, in truth, it is to see him walking down the aisle with feeble steps, and entering his solitary pew, once filled with wife and children, now utterly desolate; while close beside it rises the tombstone inscribed with their names. Full of sorrow and trouble though his life has been, the energy of the last survivor of the race seems not a whit abated; his voice is still loud and clear, his words full of fire, his manner earnestness. Lucid, nervous, and logical, the style of his preaching belongs to a bygone day, when sermons were made more of a study than they are now, and when it was considered quite as necessary to think much and deeply as to give expression to those thoughts in language not only impressive and eloquent, but vigorous and concise. It would not be easy to give a faithful picture of the impression which Mr. Brontë evidently produces upon his hearers, or of his own venerable and striking appearance in the pulpit. He used no notes whatever, and preached for half an hour without ever being at a loss for a word, or betraying the smallest sign of any decay of his intellectual faculties. Very handsome he must have been in his younger days, for traces of beauty most refined and noble in expression even yet show themselves in his features and in his striking profile. His brow is still unwrinkled, his hair and whiskers snowy white; lines very decided in his character are impressed about the mouth; the eyes are large and penetrating. In manner he is, as may have been gathered from what has been already said, quiet and dignified.

The afternoon service over, we again rambled about the churchyard, marking how large was the proportion of young people and children, which it contained, compared with the number of those advanced in life; then, giving another farewell look to the solitary personage and its desolate garden, we turned away with heavier hearts than we had brought there that morning, listening, as we descended the hill, to the echo of a hymn which floated down to us from the moorland to our left, on the top of which a field-meeting of Methodists was being held, the gay dresses of the women brightening, as nothing else had yet done, the sombreness of the landscape. Yet monotonous and melancholy as these wide-spread moors are, the sense of freedom inherent in their wide extent, together with the invigorating nature of the hill air, must have often rendered her walks very enjoyable to Charlotte Brontë; and it is, doubtless, to herself she alludes when she says that Shirley liked particularly the green sweep of the common turf and the heath on its ridges, for it reminded her of Scotland; and makes Caroline Helstone speak of the way in which the Scottish heaths would look on a sultry, sunless day—purple black, a deeper shade of the sky tint, and that would be lurid. "Long and late walks on lonely roads," such as Caroline Helstone took "along the drear skirts of Stillbro Moor, or over the sunny stretch of Nunally Common," Charlotte Brontë must frequently have taken over Haworth Moors, sometimes perchance returning home with her heart saddened and embittered, sometimes strengthened and invigorated to persevere in walking without repining along the thorny paths through which God had seen fit that her course, from her cradle to her grave, should lie.

The story of "Sword and Gown" approaches conclusion. A somewhat unnatural and melodramatic turn is given to the plot this month, but the writing continues excellent. By the way, the book, complete, is advertised as ready on the 15th of October, whereas we shall not get the concluding portion in the magazine until next month, which seems somewhat hard on regular subscribers. There is a very interesting and lucid paper, full of learning and research, by Mr. Thomas Keightley, "On the Life of Edmund Spenser." Other papers in *Fraser* are a long essay on Bacon's philosophical works, the conclusion of Mr. Chorley's pleasant notes on the national drama of Spain, and the continuation of that very dreary tale, "Holmby House," &c.

The French *Revue Indépendante*, published in London, continues to give cleverly-written articles on interesting subjects. Interesting to us, at all events, is a letter written from Paris on the 25th of last month, and published in this number, with the significant title "Ce qui se prépare contre l'Angleterre." The writer speaks plainly enough, commencing by narrating two facts. On the 28th of August last a fête was given to 6500 men of the Imperial Guard, then just returned from Italy. The writer addresses a Zouave who has lost an eye, and has an enormous scar right across the face, and tells him that one would think he had had enough of war and would be glad to retire from the army. "Moi, Monsieur!" says the soldier, "si dans quatre mois, comme nous l'espérons bien, on nous mène en Angleterre, je demanderai encore à être le premier." Fact two. The writer is in the third-class of a railway carriage, where he finds a young African Zouave, a *sous-officier* of cuirassiers, and a sergeant of the Chasseurs; the Zouave, in the course of conversation, states that he is going at once to Africa, but that he scarcely expects to stop there long, he is always on the move; he had scarcely arrived in Africa when he was sent to the Crimea, scarcely had returned to Algeria when he was sent to Italy; and now, each spring, he will be wanted again, "Nous irons en Angleterre au printemps prochain, au plus tard!"

Let us couple these stories with the personal experiences set forth in last week's *Saturday Review*, and prepare ourselves for the worst.

THE REVIVALS.—The *Banner of Ulster* says:—"We have authority for stating, as one proof of the spiritual awakening in the north of Ireland, that one bookseller in Belfast sold in three months, ending in September, 1858:—Bibles, 500; Testaments, 100; Psalm-books, 200; and in the corresponding months of this year:—Bibles, 3500; Testaments, 1000; Psalm-books, 1800. On the same authority we learn the gratifying fact that the sales of Bibles from the Edinburgh Bible Society alone to Irish booksellers have been as follows:—1859, June, 2575; July, 6133; August, 5485; September, 5443; or an increase in 1859 over 1858 of 14,312 copies of the Word of God." The *Scottish Guardian* says:—"The religious movement in Glasgow and the west continues to extend. The prayer meetings are numerous and attended and many remarkable cases are daily occurring. In some of the churches on Sabbath evening there were cases even of strong men who cried out under the influence of conviction." Efforts appear to be made to promote a religious revival in the eastern counties.

MILITARY STORES FOR CHINA.—Orders have been issued by the authorities at the War Office to have the undermentioned articles of clothing and necessities packed forthwith for shipment in a few days to China, and to have a similar quantity of each article, except summer frocks, packed in readiness to meet any future requirements, viz.:—10,000 pairs of boots, 10,000 summer frocks, 7000 great coats, 5000 pairs of woollen trowsers, 10,000 jerseys, 10,000 pairs of long stockings, 6000 cholera belts, 2000 forage caps, 10,000 pairs of socks, 5000 tins of blacking, 5000 cotton shirts, 2000 flannel shirts, 3000 pairs of drawers, 3000 towels, 5000 sets of knives, forks, and spoons, 3000 pieces of soap, 1000 mess tins and covers, 5000 pairs of serge trousers, and 2000 shoebrushes.

THE SCREW SPREADER.—A trial has been made at Bristol of a model vessel propelled without screw or paddle. The model was ten feet in length, one foot eight inches in breadth, and one foot in depth. The principle adopted by the inventors dispenses with all external machinery, shafts, cranks, bearings, &c. It can be applied to ships already built without altering their lines, and, as an auxiliary power to sailing-vessels, will be very valuable. By a simple arrangement, in case of lock, the whole power of the engine may be applied to pump the water out, propelling the vessel, if need be, at the same time; while, in event of fire, the same power could be used to extinguish the flames. The trial of the model was eminently successful.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

A NEW feature has appeared in the management of our national art institutions. It consists in supplying to the student and to the public at large facsimiles of the finest drawings, and accurate reductions of some of the noblest works in the national and Royal collections, at the mere price of the materials. The room where these reproductions may be obtained was opened last week at the South Kensington Museum.

The photographs are produced under the eye of Mr. Thurston Thompson, a gentleman who, already well known as one of our ablest engravers on wood, had given himself up to the practice of photography, and distinguished himself in reproducing the most perfect fac-similes of drawings by the old masters. In this line it was resolved to work. Raphael was the master specially chosen for operating upon. But paintings indifferently respond to the efforts of the photographer (colours are capricious), and therefore it was decided to take the drawings of Raphael as most adapted to the requirements of students in the schools of art (for whose benefit the copies were in the first instance made), and the cartoons which, drawn in chiaroscuro, and only thinly washed with colours, presented greater facilities than his oil paintings. This was done. The cartoons were successfully taken; negatives were obtained of the choicest Raphael drawings in the Louvre; the Prince Consort supplied negatives of those in the Royal Library at Windsor; permission was readily granted by the University to take photographs of the famous Oxford collection; and other collections were laid open. It was soon felt that in the enjoyment of these treasures, produced mainly at the public cost, the public ought to share. At first there was a very natural disinclination against seeming to enter into competition with private enterprise; but, on the other hand, the works photographed were, for the most part, public property, and they were of a class which were not likely to be reproduced by the usual publishing houses; or, if reproduced, it could only be at a rate of publication which would place them quite beyond the means of the public generally. It was seen that it was only just that the public, who had in effect already paid for the production of the negatives, should have copies issued to them at the mere cost of paper and printing; and accordingly the scheme was carried out.

The cheapness of these photographs is marvellous. What would have been said but a little while back to copies of the whole of the cartoons, mathematically correct, though on a small scale, being obtainable for less than four shillings? The council have, in fact, adopted a uniform tariff at the rate of fivepence for forty square inches, and half that amount for every additional twenty inches. The photographs are issued unmounted, which may cause a little trouble, but will produce no material inconvenience where a little dexterity is used, but among the unpractised sad havoc will, we fear, be made in the mounting. It is announced that "the agent will give every information on the subject of mounting," but brief, clear directions for mounting should be printed in the next edition of the list of subjects.

Of the photographs already taken the first in rank are the cartoons. By simply lowering them to the level with the eye, the originals, thanks to those who have now the supervision of the Royal collections, can be very fairly seen by those who can take a journey to Hampton Court for the purpose. But with these larger photographs the student may literally study the great works at home, and at his leisure, to as much purpose as though they were themselves before him, with as perfect assurance, that is, of their entire accuracy, and with quite as clear a perception of their breadth of style and general treatment, their grandeur, their delicacy, and their refinement of expression, and even of their peculiar handling. Every line of the picture is faithfully presented; and, though the colour is necessarily rendered by equivalents not always corresponding in depth to the original, the general effect is preserved unimpaired.

The average size of the largest series is 48 inches by 30. They are sold separately, at a price varying from 12s. 11d. to 15s. 10d., while a series published by Caldesi and Montecchi were charged two guineas and a half each. Besides this largest size, there are four other series; one averaging 31 inches by 21, and costing from 5s. 10d. to 6s. 8d. each; one averaging 23 inches by 15, and costing 2s. 8d. to 3s. 6d. each; one averaging 15 inches by 11, and costing 1s. 8d. each; and another averaging 8 inches by 5, and costing, as we said before, less than 4s. for the whole set. For the art-student none of these smaller ones can compare with the first series; but for general use it is otherwise. The third and fourth, whilst they are more convenient for framing, have also a more "finished" look to the ordinary eye. Besides the complete pictures, there are some forty studies, on a greatly enlarged scale, of particular heads or groups from each of the cartoons, some of them almost as large as the corresponding parts of the originals.

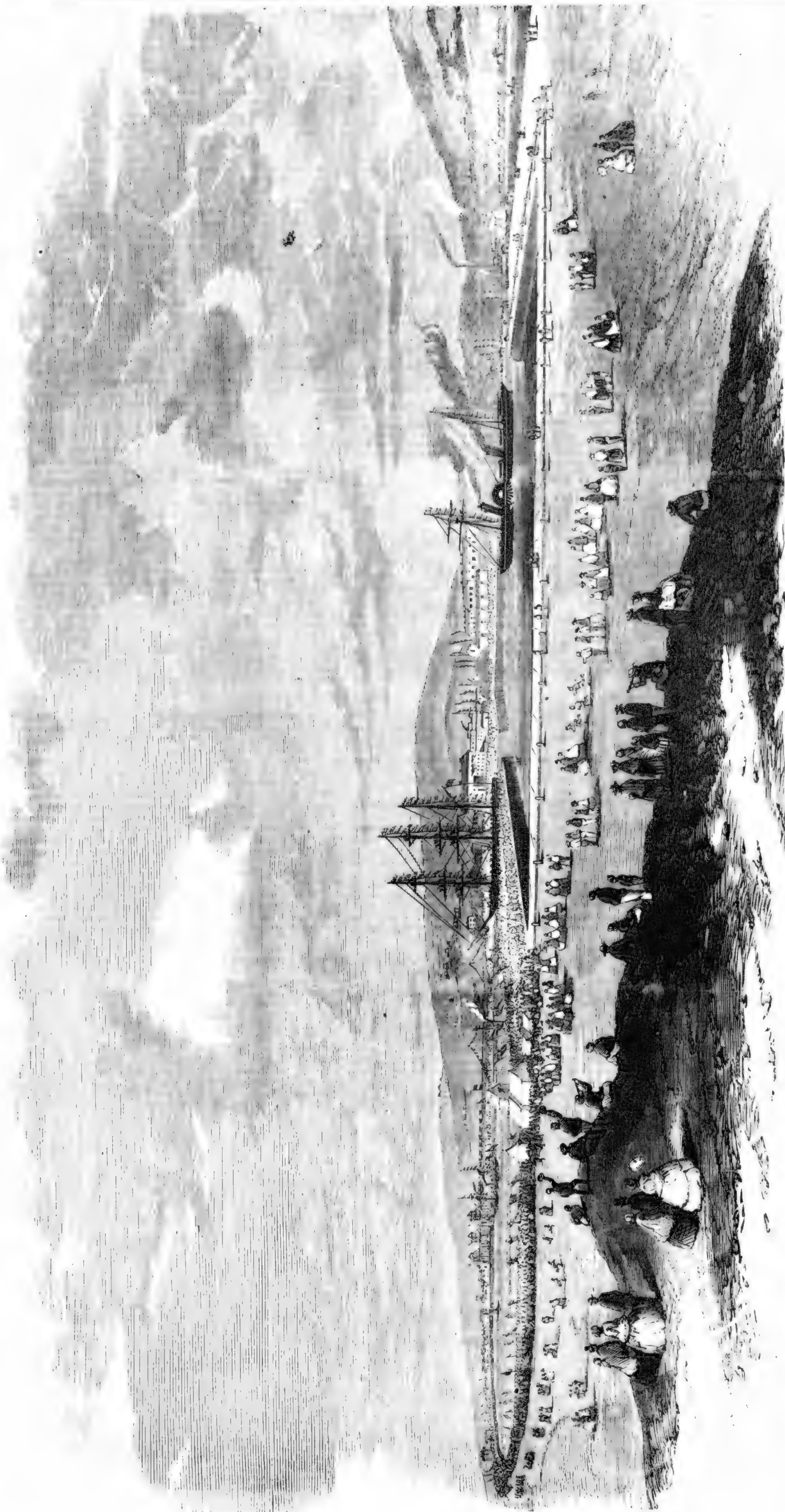
Next in importance are the photographs from the original drawings by Raphael, in the museum of the Louvre. These include first thoughts and finished studies of several of his principal paintings, as well as drawings from male and female models. In all there are thirty-three of these actual facsimiles of the choicest gems of the Louvre collection, and the whole may be purchased for something under 30s. The photographs from the univalued Oxford drawings by Raphael and Michael Angelo (289 in number) are not yet ready for distribution, but they will shortly be added to the collection; so, also, will copies of the fine original drawings by Raphael in the Royal Library at Windsor. Photographs of these last have been taken at the expense of the Prince Consort, who has very liberally presented the negatives to the Science and Art Department for public use.

Some of our readers may be aware that photographs (125 in all) have been made by Mr. Roger Fenton from the finest drawings, one or two of the rarest engravings, and some of the most noble pieces of sculpture in the British Museum, and that these have been purchasable at the Museum. The negatives have been transferred to South Kensington, and the photographs may now be purchased at the same rate as those already described. At the British Museum the price was uniformly 3s. 6d.; now it varies, according to size, from 5d. to 20d. The very counterpart of the exquisite drawing of the "Entomement" by Raphael, for instance, may be had for 15d. In the Royal collection at Windsor is a series of drawings by Holbein, consisting of portraits of members of the Court of Henry VIII. The whole sixty-four heads have been photographed; and the prints, with every touch of Holbein faithfully reproduced, may be had for an average price of a shilling each. You may have what may be termed the actual portrait for which Anna Boleyn sat for 10d.; Sir Thomas More for 1s. 6d., or again as Lord Chancellor for 2s.; Dean Colet for 10d., Philip Melancthon for 1s., and the poetical Earl of Surrey for 5d.

This is the greatest step yet made towards bringing home art of the highest kind to the cottage as well as to the mansion; and, if art be the powerful means of refinement it has been thought to be, this cannot but be a step to be heartily welcomed. Moreover, the largeness and the freeness of the boon deserve ample recognition. Not only are the photographs of a singularly comprehensive range, and, as photographs, of the very highest order of excellence, but the fullest liberty of choice is allowed, the purchaser of one at the lowest price obtaining that one at as low a rate as the purchaser of whole collections.

AN ANTI-TRAGEDY IN FRANCE.—There has been a tragedy in France which somewhat resembles that which has happened in Parma, though scarcely political in its character. It arises from the passport system. At Germain-les-Arlay a body of itinerant traders refused to show their passports, if they had any, and this led to a collision between them and the authorities, in the course of which the Mayor was killed.

IRON FLOATING BATTERIES.—Further experiments on the floating-battery *Trusty* have shown that iron plates present comparatively no resistance to the shots from the Armstrong guns. Although the *Trusty* is covered with massive wrought-iron plates, of extraordinary thickness, yet every shot that struck them shattered the plates to pieces and entered the vessel; some of the shots, it is evident from the examination, having passed through the iron plates and beams of the battery on one side, and through the timber and iron casing of the vessel on the other. (The object of iron-plated vessels is not so much the resistance of shots as of shell. In modern warfare shells will doubtless be used, which will explode in the timbers, and iron plates will turn a shell when they are not able to resist a solid shot.)



OPENING OF THE NEW DOCKS AT SWANSEA.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW DOCKS AT SWANSEA.

THE natural advantages of its position at the entrance of the Bristol Channel, its excellent roadstead at the Mumbles, and its contiguity to the coalfields of South Wales, would always secure to Swansea a fair share of whatever trade was stirring in those parts, but the completion of the South Wales Railway system, which first fairly "tapped," so to speak, many of the richest treasures of the district, and the prudent measures simultaneously adopted by the trustees of the harbour, have given an impetus to its progress within the last seven years which is almost without a parallel. Before the year 1852 a few quays only accommodated a few ships, and very ill accommodated they were. The trustees wisely took the matter in hand, constructed a floating basin in the middle of the river, and were rewarded by seeing the trade of the port doubled in six or seven years. The increase in the foreign trade alone, between 1851 and 1858, was from 60,000 to 262,000 tons; the whole increase was from 270,000 tons to 590,000 tons.

The chief export trade is, of course, in coals, of which Swansea exported last year 267,432 tons of all kinds, and sent coastwise 185,712 tons. There is also a considerable trade in patent fuel, a manufacture peculiar to Swansea, of which large quantities are exported to all quarters of the world.

In the coal trade, however, Swansea is rivalled by Cardiff and Newport, but in the imports of copper ore it takes the lead of all others. Swansea may be said to do pretty nearly nine-tenths of the copper-smelting business of the world. Coal is cheap, and the sea is near, and to Swansea accordingly comes copper ore from Cornwall, South America, Cuba, Australia, and all other parts of the world where it is produced. There is also a rapidly increasing trade in silver ores, and there may possibly be laying about some of the yards of the town silver ore to the amount of a quarter of a million. The value of a single cargo has been known to amount to £70,000.

For such a trade as this the accommodation afforded by a floating basin was soon found insufficient. It became clear that the harbour must be extended; and, accordingly, three or four years ago were commenced the new docks, which were opened on the 23rd of September. We described these important works in the ILLUSTRATED TIMES of the 1st instant, and now present our subscribers with a view of them.

One of the most remarkable features in the new docks is the universal application of Sir William Armstrong's hydraulic apparatus. The extent of pipes is a mile and a half, and the pressure upon them is 700lb. to the square inch. The hydraulic power is available for any purpose for which

it may be required at any point throughout the entire length of the pipes; and for accumulating the hydraulic power for the new docks a steam-engine of 80-horse power has been erected. The machinery is so arranged that an accident to one branch of the apparatus need not affect the other. It is supplied with self-acting gear; and by means of chains which run the whole length of each side of the lock the starting-valves of the engines may be opened or closed in a moment by persons employed to work the machinery, without running to the engine-house for the purpose, simply by working levers attached to the chains. Any portion of the machinery can be thrown into or out of gear immediately, and either part worked independently of the others.

THE ATTACK ON PEIHO FORTS.

WE have had communicated to us by the last mail from China a sketch of the attack on the Peiho forts, which we have engraved on another page. We also give a smaller illustration of the attempt to force the mouth of the river. It is pleasant to read the following account, sent to the *New York Herald* by a correspondent on board the American frigate *Pontchartraine*, of how our countrymen met the treachery of the Chinese. The letter says:

"Of course it will never be known how many Chinese were killed, but the number is supposed to be small. The only wonder is that any were killed at all, considering the defences. It was the most desperate fighting that the imagination can picture upon the part of the English, and a premature, certain, cold-blooded, relentless, and cowardly massacre upon the part of the Chinese. Englishmen have no cause to blush for the battle of the Peiho. Such indomitable courage and dogged resistance as was there displayed are in themselves sufficient to reflect the rays of glory around the semi-circumference of the globe, and dry the tears which will shortly flow for the unburied dead." The correspondent concludes with the following reflections:—"And it is such men as these that have been lately shot down by this miserable nation, and yet there will be enough people, even in the United States, to rub their hands over this battle as a check to English pride and arrogance." I wish they could visit this part of the world, and see how it is that English power ensures safety to the world's trade with the East. Once reduce her to the position of a third-rate power, and let the United States continue their hostility to a large navy, and the half-civilised nations of the East will soon expel all foreigners, and close their ports to



ARRIVAL AT TURIN OF THE DEPUTATIONS FROM THE DUCHIES.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. DESCLOS.)

our trade." A correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce* also writes a lengthy letter to that journal from on board the *Powhattan*, in which he states that the Chinese detained Mr. Ward at Shanghai, on the plea that "as the right of the American Minister to go to Peking was secured through the English treaty by 'the most-favoured nation clause,' inserted in the United States' treaty, it was proper for the English Minister to go first. If Mr. Ward insisted upon going to Peking, he must conform to the provisions of the United States' treaty, which allowed him to 'go when important business made it necessary,' as the treaty specified, of which the Emperor, and not the Minister, must be the judge. They told him, in answer to a question, that he should have the right to go to Peking with the other Ministers if he had important business. Mr. Ward insisted that he would go to Peking with the first Minister of any nation that went, and with as much courtesy and honour, or he would refuse to exchange ratifications, and return home." This correspondent says that during the engagement with the forts a ball from one of the forts killed two men on a gun-boat, and cut off a leg from six others who were standing in line. Another had his leg badly mangled by a cannon-ball as he was working his gun, and soon was obliged to be

carried away to undergo amputation, but he declared he would not go till he had had his revenge; and, mangled and suffering as he was, stuck to his gun till he had fired thirteen rounds more. "Nothing," says the correspondent, "could be cooler and braver than the English courage and heroism. Wounds, dismemberment, and death seemed to be nothing."

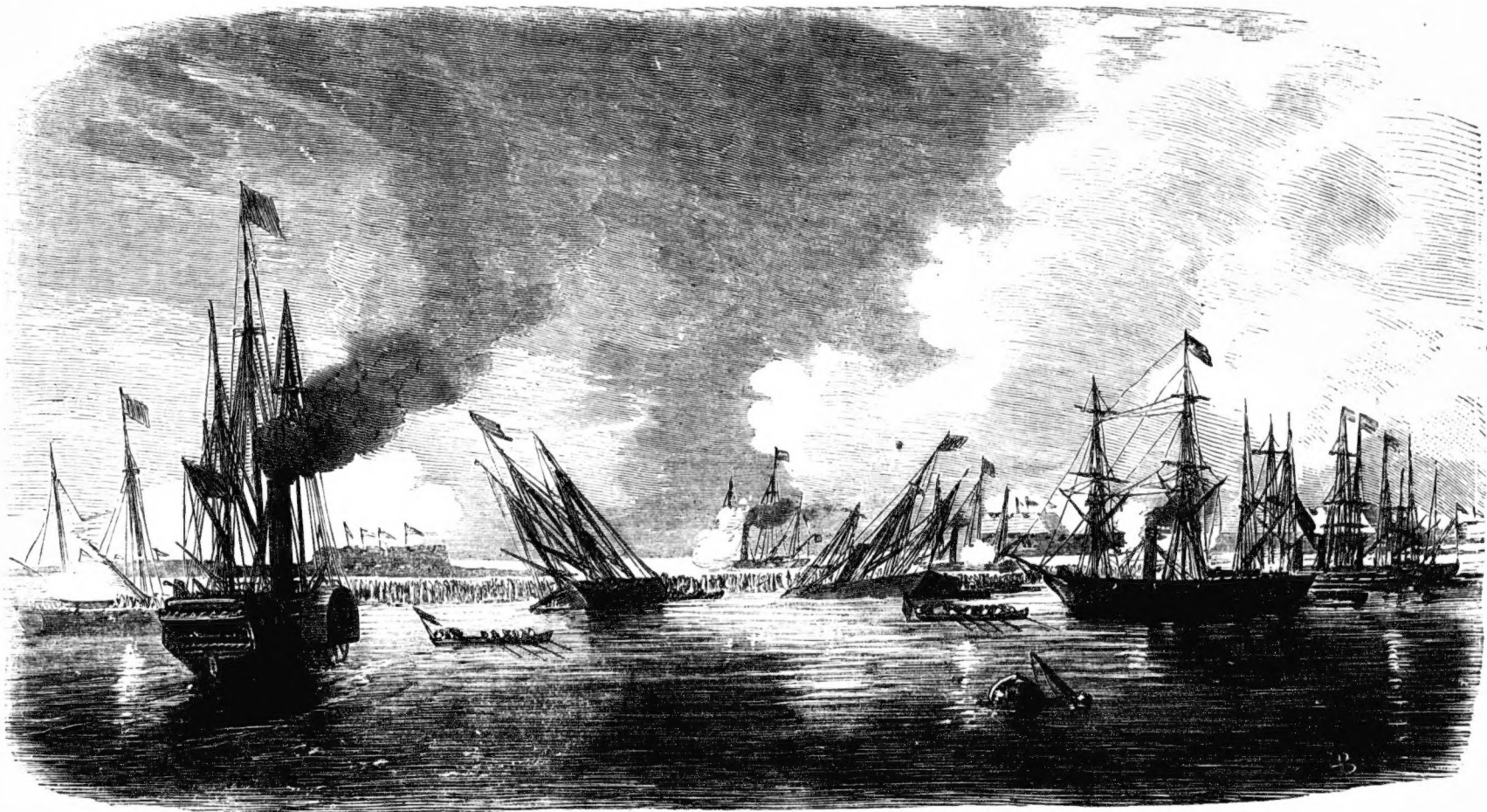
ARRIVAL OF THE DEPUTATIONS FROM THE DUCHIES AT TURIN.

THE deputations from Parma and Modena charged with the expression of the public will of the two Duchies were received on their arrival at Turin with much solemnity. Their errand was to present the King of Sardinia with a costly offering, nothing less than the desire of some millions of people that his Majesty should accept the annexation of their provinces to his dominions. The members of the deputations were met at the terminus of the Genoa Railway by the municipal authorities and the Parliament, and the whole population of the sub-alpine capital, were assembled on the Place Carlo Felice to give them welcome. We have seen the Turinese when excited to enthusiasm, and

can imagine the burst of applause that greeted the chosen few of the Duchies as they emerged from the station. Our readers have read the account of the reception of the deputations by the King in this Journal, and of his reply to their address.

We cannot, however, resist quoting the conclusion of the King's speech on the occasion, which the people of Parma must have forgotten:—"Therefore I need not say to you, persevere; I will only congratulate you upon the order and the moderation of which you have given such brilliant examples, in order to prove to Europe that the Italians know how to govern themselves, and that they are worthy to be citizens of a free nation."

The crime that has lately stained the streets of Parma with blood will go far to weaken the sympathy of Europe with the Italian cause, unless prompt justice be exercised upon the cowardly perpetrators of the deed. No one will be more ready to condemn the conduct of the assassins than the chivalrous Victor Emmanuel. When the deputation from Parma brought its offering to the King, he was proud to be chosen as the ruler of a people whose conduct in freeing themselves had excited the admiration of all. The late melancholy event, however, goes far to dim the fair fame gained by the Parmese.



THE ALLIED SQUADRON ATTEMPTING TO FORCE THE PASSAGE OF THE PEIHO.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE representations of "Dinorah" at the Royal English Opera continue to be attended with the greatest success. No operatic production of importance has ever been given on the English stage with anything like the efficiency which marks the performance of this latest work of Meyerbeer, and the public have only to become more familiar with the music in order to appreciate still more highly its manifold beauties. To judge truly the merit of the execution, it is not sufficient to compare it with that of the Italians; it should, above all, be remembered in what style other operas by the same composer have been represented on the English stage. The fact is we have never, until within the last year or so, had a national lyrical establishment at which it was possible even to approximate to a befitting performance of a really great work; whereas at Covent Garden, under its present management, we have not only the best singers that could be found for each of the principal parts, but also a thoroughly efficient orchestra and chorus, and such scenery as belongs only to the theatre which is now alternately an Italian and an English Opera House. How long "Dinorah" will be played it is impossible to say. It may have a long, continuous run, and afterwards, if given judiciously at proper intervals, may be played a certain number of times every week until the close of the season. In the meanwhile the managers are not disposed to be contented with one great success, for we hear that Mr. Vincent Wallace's "Lurline," of which during the last few years we have heard so much, is now going to be put into rehearsal, and it may be presumed that some English version of an Italian opera will soon be brought out for the debut (on the English stage) of Mdlle. Parepa. In conclusion, we may say that if ridicule (when there is nothing to laugh at) be a test of success, "Dinorah" is indeed a triumph, for it is reported that at least two theatres are already preparing burlesques on the subject. Of course, the goat will be an important character in each and all. So ought Tonick, the enchanter, to be, especially as his name lends itself to so many bad musical jokes. The rôle for Tonick would be that of the proprietor of a matrimonial, fire, and life insurance office. Thus he might have an interest in keeping Hœl (who pays a percentage) for some lady more richly endowed than Dinorah. Doubtless, too, he would profit by the burning of Dinorah's house—probably by insuring it in another office, purchasing the policy, and then committing a slight act of incendiarism through a deputy. He would also have something on Dinorah's life, or why should he so nearly have caused her death through that miserable goat? whose conduct throughout the piece proclaims him to be a bad animal, and a relative, however distant, of Faust's Mephistophelian dog.

Mr. E. T. Smith's company at the end of the Drury Lane summer season divided itself into two troops, which, during the autumn, have been scouring the country in every direction. The great aim in directing them has apparently been to take each everywhere, and never to let them come within a certain number of miles of one another. A week since the best half of the company—that which includes Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Borchardt, Signor Giuglini, Signor Badiali, and Signor Vialletti—paid a visit to London; and now the second moiety, with Mdlle. Piccolomini, Signor Belari, and Signor Aldighieri, is about to arrive. The performances of the Titiens and Giuglini section must have been thoroughly satisfactory to all concerned. The singers were in excellent voice, every place in the theatre was let, and the audience were delighted with each of the representations. This first autumnal season lasted only three nights. First the "Trovatore," then "Lucrezia Borgia," and the third evening the "Stabat Mater" at St. James's Hall. On this last occasion the concert-room was well attended, but was not as full as might have been expected from the extraordinary beauty of the music and the great merit of the executants. The performance of the work, which, on the whole, was excellent, presented several features of interest. To begin with, this was the first time that Mdlle. Titiens sang in England the whole of the soprano music, though she had been already heard at the Crystal Palace concerts in the "Inflammatus," and also in the duet "Quis est homo." Naturally, it was in the composition we have just named that she produced the greatest impression on Thursday week at St. James's Hall. In the grand air Mdlle. Titiens displayed the greatest qualities that a singer of dramatic or religious music of the highest class (there is, then, no difference between the two) can possess. She rendered it with all the fervour and intensity of feeling which the "Inflammatus" so imperatively demands, and without which, even in the hands of the most accomplished artist, it is comparatively ineffective. The force of the orchestra and chorus, which, on the occasion in question, numbered two hundred and fifty performers, vigorously conducted by Signor Arditì, would have overpowered many singers, but Mdlle. Titiens' voice was only heard to greater effect from the necessity which existed for increased exertion. The "Quis est homo," one of the most plaintive and touching pieces in the work, was also admirably given by Mdlle. Titiens and Mdlle. Borchardt. Signor Giuglini, with whose performance in the "Stabat Mater" many of our readers must be familiar, never sang better than in the "Cujus animam." He gave all the tenor music with the most perfect expression; but it was in the air we have mentioned (as is always the case) that he produced the greatest effect upon the audience. Signor Badiali sang vigorously and dramatically the "Pro peccatis;" and Signor Vialletti gave great effect to the "Eia Mater," with its admirable choral responses. The chorus was furnished by some large amateur society of which the name escapes us. In spite of occasional uncertainties, the amateurs rendered the music with a certain amount of spirit and feeling that we have ceased to look for in the execution of professional choristers. The band, as we have said, was Signor Arditì's. After the "Stabat" a miscellaneous concert took place. Mdlle. Titiens was encased in a new and brilliant waltz, composed expressly for her by Signor Arditì; and Signor Giuglini was called upon to repeat the exquisite serenade from the "Donna del Lago," which produced so much effect when he sang it, for the first time in England, at the Gloucester Festival.

THE MONTREAL CRICKET MATCH.—The cricket match at Montreal between the "English eleven" and twenty-two Canadians has resulted in favour of the former. The Canadians scored 85 in their first innings, and 63 in the second. The English score was 117 in the first innings, and 32 in the second, with nine wickets to spare. The English players were to leave Canada for New York on the 30th ult., for the purpose of commencing a match there on the 3rd inst.

UNITED STATES' NATIONALITY.—Some time ago a young Hanoverian, named Ernst, who had been naturalised a citizen of the United States, was, on his paying a visit to Hanover, arrested and ordered to perform the military service in the army to which he had been called. But he claimed exemption as an American citizen, and the United States' Government having supported his pretension, the Hanoverian Cabinet has just set him at liberty.

THE SNEYNEY INQUIRY.—The Rev. James Bonwell, Mr. Ayres, the undertaker, and Dr. Godfrey, were examined on Friday week before the Coroner and a jury touching the death of the child born in Stepney school-house. Mr. Bonwell was not asked whether he was the father of the child, the Coroner suggesting before the examination that no "extraneous questions" should be put. The Rev. gentleman admitted that on the 11th of August a lady gave birth to a child at the schools, that she was an unmarried woman, and that he "certainly did not object to her being there." He gave no orders as to burying the child secretly. Dr. Godfrey said he considered the child as a dying one from the time it was born, and that it had died of inanition. He also said that, after the first two or three days, there was no further necessity for feeding the child "by hand;" the mother might have nursed it. As regards the burial it appears that the undertaker first placed it in a shell, carried it to the house where the body of a pauper woman lay awaiting burial, and then, taking the infant body from the shell, placed it with the body of the pauper. He therefore had to present only one certificate, and pay one set of fees; and thus only one service was performed over two bodies. The jury returned the following verdict:—"That the said Philip Yorath, an illegitimate child of tender age, in the charge of Elizabeth Yorath, his mother, and the Rev. James Bonwell, did die of inanition, which they find is due to one of two causes,—either that it did not or could not swallow food; and the said jurors do further say that the deceased was able to swallow and did swallow food, but whether sufficient to maintain life they are unable to ascertain; and the said jurors do lastly say, from the evidence, the conduct of Elizabeth Yorath, the Rev. James Bonwell, and it appears Mr. Ayres, is highly censurable."

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE third annual meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science commenced on Monday at Bradford. The general programme was that every morning, at half-past ten, during the week there was to be what is termed the "address for the day," and immediately thereafter the departments were to commence business. The departments were five in number, embracing the following subjects:—Jurisprudence, Education, Punishment and Reformation, Public Health, and Social Economy.

The first public meeting of the association took place in St. George's Hall. The chair was taken by the Earl of Shaftesbury, the president of the year; and the platform was crowded by a large body of the leading members of the association, including Lord Brougham, the Bishop of Ripon, Sir J. Ramsden, M.P., the Mayor of Bradford, &c.

The Earl of Shaftesbury delivered the opening address, touching upon many of the physical and moral evils under which the country suffers—ignorance, the "sin of cities," drunkenness, "juvenile crime," and crowded and unhealthy dwelling-places. In illustration of the importance of the last question, Lord Shaftesbury pointed to what had been done at Macclesfield by the local board of health:—

The rate of mortality in the borough was, before they began, 33 in 1000; for the last five years it has been 26 in 1000; so that 1015 lives have been saved. In funeral expenses alone, calculated from the returns of 232 burial clubs, £8729 has been saved. But there have been 28,420 less cases of sickness; and the cost of these cases being estimated, according to the data of the benefit societies, at 1s. a day for twenty days, there has been a further reduction of expense by £28,420. Again, observe the increased average duration of human life. The average age of all who died in the first period was twenty-four years; while in the surrounding agricultural district it was thirty-four years. In the last five years it has been twenty-seven years. The deaths of children under one year of age have decreased 16·3 per cent; and those under five years 4·0 per cent.

Tuesday morning was signalled by the delivery by Lord Brougham of his annual address as President of the Council. First referring to foreign countries, his Lordship dwelt eloquently upon the emancipation of the Russian serfs and the freedom of discussion now permitted in the Russian press. "Surely," said he, "we may well lament that other countries, which have no serfs to liberate, but have a press to set free, show no such tendencies." Reviewing what had been done in sanitary legislation, his Lordship particularly commended the exertions of Miss Nightingale in connection with hospitals, of Miss Louisa Twining in the formation of workhouse-visiting committees, and then went on to speak of what had been done to forward the amendment of the law. When his Lordship came to the next portion of his subject, the habits and economy of the poor, he spoke approvingly of the success of the Maine liquor law:—

The most important fact is the attempt to repeal the law in Maine, and its signal failure. Four years ago its supporters were defeated, and a stringent licensing system was substituted in its place. For two years and upwards this plan was tried, with every disposition of the authorities to favour its success. Pauperism and crime, which under the prohibitory law had been reduced to an incredibly small amount, soon renewed their devastations; the public voice was raised loudly and with rare concert against the license plan; a resolution was passed at the State Convention that the Liquor Law should no more be treated as a party question, and the repealing Act was, without opposition, itself repealed. Another effort was made to restore the repeal; but the resolution of the State Convention was referred to, which stood unrescinded; and all attempts to get rid of the Liquor Law were abandoned henceforth as hopeless. The happy result has been a continuance of the same diminution both of pauperism and of crime which had followed upon the original enactment of the law.

Referring to the facilities afforded in this country for the discussion of all evils, his Lordship eulogised the British Constitution which he said was:—

A combination of different interests and powers, at once providing against the encroachment of any one, and against error in the action of the whole; uniting in itself the characteristic qualities of all other governments—regal, patrimonial, republican; and endowed with their respective virtues, borrowing vigour from monarchy, stability from aristocracy, popular freedom from democracy. Above all, the unspeakable blessing of a pure and impartial administration of justice is secured by the absolute independence of the Judges, and their exclusion from all share in party or even in any political proceedings. The structure of the Constitution has been likened to a pyramid, of which the broad base supporting the whole is formed by the people; the middle portion is the aristocracy of rank, property, talents, and acquirements; and on the narrow summit rests the crown. The judicial power, pure and unsullied, calmly exercised by men independent of all the other orders and removed from all faction, partaking neither of its fury nor its delusions, forms a mighty zone which girds the pyramid round about, connecting the loftier and narrower with the humbler and broader layers, binding the whole compactly together, and repressing the encroachments and smoothing the ruggedness of any of its parts.

In speaking of the faults and defects of our political system the noble speaker warmly denounced electoral corruption, and the perjury so often used to screen it. He denounced the briber as well as the bribed:—

While the African slave trade was only punished by the forfeiture of the ships it mocked the law, because the profits of a successful voyage covered the loss of many failures. The wrongdoer was content to run the risk in the eager quest of great gain. So the candidate and his agents, in their eager desire of a seat, will run the risk of defeat and encounter any cost in money. But when I made slave-trading felony the pirate who had cheerfully run all pecuniary hazards would not expose himself to be transported as a felon, and the execrable traffic ceased. So it is clear that candidates and their agents, whom no dread of defeat or expense can restrain, will shrink from the hazard of an infamous punishment when they see the treadmill as well as the House of Commons at the end of the path which leads from the hustings.

Lord Brougham next adverted to "combinations amongst workmen" for raising wages, accompanied with a resolution not to work either for more than a certain time or for less than a certain remuneration:—

The fallacy is enormous by which the labourers, complaining of machinery as throwing hands out of work, hold that they ought to share directly with the employer in the gains which the machinery enables him to make. They do share in those gains, but not directly. The machinery that saves labour in one line to the capitalist enables him to employ more labour in other lines; the great probability being that he will employ it in the line to which he and his workmen are accustomed. The combination of masters is the inevitable consequence of the combinations of men; and as they have capital to draw upon, which is a far more certain and secure resource of supply than the contributions of the men, such a conflict must always end in a great loss to both parties, but dreadful to the poor men, whose families suffer severely in the meantime, and who, after they have been defeated, are sure to find a great diminution of employment, from the injury inflicted upon the masters. The inevitable effect of strikes is to level all merit, to benefit the lazy and incapable at the expense of the industrious and skilful, and to rob all concerned in them for the profit of a few agitators and mob-leaders. But though the employers have an unquestionable right to combine in self-defence against the tyranny of their combined workmen, and though they are secure of success in the end, it is only to be gained by patience, at some sacrifice, and by joint and prudent action. It is sure to be lost by any imitation of the unjust and violent course pursued by the men; and it is most especially at a season of indiscreet and unscrupulous combination among the latter that the masters ought, more than ever, to beware of encroaching upon just rights, and rather to give their men more freedom than to curb them in any manner of way. It must be observed that all the errors into which one of the parties falls, and which are the cause of their unreasonable and unreasoning proceedings, and which present the enemies of an extended franchise with their most powerful argument, come from ignorance. If care were taken to teach them the plain, easily-learned, and easily-understood principles, which of all men they have the greatest interest in understanding—the relation between prices, including that of labour and of supply and demand—between capital and wages—between machinery and profits, as well of masters as of workmen—between rights and duties—between the enforcement of the law and the interests of all—if these principles were ever present to their minds, the course of conduct which they oftentimes pursue, to their own great detriment quite as much as to the injury of others, would be next to impossible.

Of factory labour Lord Brougham remarked:—

From the relations between master and man, it can scarcely ever give rise to combinations on the one part or on the other. But there is a most serious evil to which it is exposed, and the moral influences upon a great portion of those employed can never be too closely watched, or, where necessary, too carefully counteracted. The effects of promiscuous association, without due superintendence, are most unhappy upon the young of both sexes, but more especially upon females. The constant wages, too, tempt

married females to eke out their income by this kind of work, and leave their children unattended to. These children, at a very early age, are themselves drawn into the same employ. The Legislature has in olden times, not more than enough, in restricting the hours of work where the young are concerned; much more than was expedient or justifiable in certain cases of adult workwomen. But the worst part by far of the evil remains beyond the reach of legislation; and a remedy for it has not been attempted, except in a few individual instances. The good feeling and good sense of master manufacturers can alone interpose to rescue the numerous and important class, especially of the female hands, from the contamination to which they are exposed, and which is spreading the worst kind of dissoluteness over the working classes. Nor will all the care of the masters suffice, unless they are assisted by the generous and truly rational co-operation of women in the middle and upper classes of society, moved by pious zeal, and acting upon a well-considered plan for the good of their fellow-creatures, in by far the most important of human concerns. The Sisters of Charity in France bear comfort into the hospitals—they render invaluable help to the physicians in disarming disease of its pains, and lend a not superfluous aid to the pastor in disarming death of its terrors. They have earned the united blessings of a people that hardly ever agree in respect for any existing institutions—they have made their name revered by all. A worse disease than ever filled the wards of hospitals—a moral plague—desolates the haunts of our most painful industry. Let the spectacle or report of it call into existence a sisterhood that may meet the enormous evil, to prevent which is far better and far easier than to cure.

The noble Lord was frequently applauded during the delivery of his most able address.

Vice-Chancellor Page Wood followed his Lordship with an address on jurisprudence, and the departments subsequently met in their rooms for the reading of papers and discussion.

THE DISASTER TO BIG BEN.

THERE is no doubt that the Westminster bell is as effectually cracked as its predecessor, yet, strange to say, the cracks (for there are two) are so minute as to escape any but the most practised investigator. But these slight fine lines—as trivial in appearance as if they were drawn with the point of a pin upon the great mass of metal—have destroyed one of the finest bells that have ever been cast in England. Our readers, however, must not run away with the idea because the bell has been found to be deeply cracked and become useless, that it therefore cannot be sounded. On the contrary, the note of the great bell is even now as rich, as sonorous, and as mournful as on the first day that its deep tone went ringing through the gilding and iron work of the lofty bell-chamber.

The presence of the crack was ascertained curiously enough. Friday week was a wild and stormy day. The wind was rough in any place, but round the summit of the lofty clock-tower it rushed and whistled, driving the clouds of sleet through the gilded apertures of the bell-chamber till the rain trickled down in little streams from Ben and his four assistants. In the afternoon Mr. Hart, one of the gentlemen connected with the works of the clock-tower, was in the belfry when the hour struck. Looking at the moment towards Big Ben, he was at once surprised to perceive a minute row of bubbles spring from the wet bell's side with each stroke of the hammer. An instant's investigation was sufficient to show that these bubbles arose from the vibration of the air in the minute cracks we have already mentioned, and which the air and water had partly filled. Both cracks are within about two feet of each other, and both are on the opposite side of the bell to that where the ponderous hammer falls. One is about fifteen inches long, the second nearly two feet. Both extend from the sound-bow to the lip. Neither have gone through the substance of the bell, and are only just visible to scrutiny on the outside; yet, from the observations which have been made, and the reason there is to believe that the cracks have rather increased than diminished, it may be taken as certain that both fissures will soon make their way through the metal.

Mr. Denison asserts that the bell was flawed in the casting, and insinuates that Messrs. Mears filled in the flaws with some composition, and washed the bell over to conceal the defects. Messrs. Mears threaten Mr. Denison with an action at law for this statement. But, however the injuries were caused, the bell must come down, though before it is removed some experiments may possibly be tried, with a view of ascertaining how the cracks originated or will progress, and how, even when not through the metal, they affect the tone. Removing the bell, and replacing it with another, will not, we are glad to say, occupy as long a time as was at first supposed. Mr. Quarn, the clerk of the work at the new Palace, proposes, when the bell is condemned, to cut it in four pieces as it now hangs in the belfry, and, thus reduced in size, to lower it down the air-shaft of the tower without at all disturbing the clock beneath. The clock, however, must be unfixed whenever the new bell is to be hoisted up again, as the clock now stands over the only aperture in the tower up which the bell when whole can be raised at all.

DR. CULLEN'S NEW PASTORAL.

ANOTHER monster pastoral from Archbishop Cullen was read on Sunday in all the Roman Catholic chapels in Dublin. This manifesto is of extraordinary length, occupying three or four columns of the journals condemned to give it publicity. It touches upon all the old topics—national education, proselytising, the perilous position of the Pope, and the revolutionary party in Italy. It praises Cardinal Antonelli, attacks the British diplomatists for interfering with the Pope, and stigmatises Lord Shaftesbury as a Pharisee for his subscriptions for Italy. "Sardinia is attacked—"a country which, twelve years ago, was happy and flourishing is now almost reduced to a state of utter destitution and bankruptcy, and groaning under a fearful despotism." As to the complaint that the people of the Pope's States are dissatisfied—that foreign troops are employed to keep them in obedience, and that misery, poverty, and crime abound—"it is necessary to recollect that no human institution is free from defects, and that no Government can render all its subjects rich, happy, and contented. Political economists and enthusiastic statesmen sometimes promise to bring back the golden age, and to banish misery from this world. But their schemes are mere delusions. This earth is only a place of exile and banishment, where man's lot is to suffer." Even in the greatest and best-governed States there are restless spirits seeking for changes, which frequently only aggravate their miseries; and mutinies, and seditions, and rebellions spring up from time to time. Even the British empire is not exempt from such evils; and very lately it has been considered expedient to repress them in India by fire and sword, by destroying and pillaging great cities, and even by blowing unfortunate soldiers to pieces from the mouth of the cannon. The Pope has never found it necessary to have recourse to such violent measures, and his paternal heart never would sanction them. But, if great and powerful States cannot always satisfy all their subjects, is it just to pretend that the Sovereign of a small territory, and comparatively weak, should succeed in so audacious an undertaking? Undoubtedly there are poor in the Pope's States, but there is none of that squalid and degrading poverty which you see in London and the great cities of England; and we never heard of millions of his subjects dying of famine, or having been turned out by exterminating agents to perish of want on the high roads. There are crimes, of course, in the Pope's States; but yet you do not hear of continual child murdering, nor of systematic poisoning, nor do you witness that degrading and scandalous exhibition of immorality which renders it impossible for a stranger to pass through many British cities without being shocked and horrified. Unhappily, too, there is some discontent in a part of the Papal territory; but it is not general, and does not extend to any considerable portion of the inhabitants, and, what is more, it owes its origin to foreign influence and to the intrigues and emissaries of secret and Bible societies, and frequently to English money.

The letter concludes as follows:—"In order to obtain the object of our prayers, you will exhort your pious flocks, rev. brethren, to say five 'Hail Marys' each day, after their night or morning prayers, for the safety of the head of the Church. I grant them forty days' indulgence each time they do so. You will also say the collect for the Pope, 'Pro Papa,' at every mass, omitting the collect usually said, until further orders."

THE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE EXHIBITION.—During the past week the whole of the paintings forming the English portion of the National Gallery, the Vernon and Turner collections, &c., which for some years past have been exhibited to the public at Marlborough House, Fall-mall, were removed to the new building erected for their reception at Kensington-gore, where they will be opened to view on Monday, the 21st instant. The Wellington Fugical Car is ordered to be removed to Chelsea Hospital, the time having now arrived for Marlborough House to be prepared for the residence of the Prince of Wales.

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